



No. 328.—VOL. XXVI.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1899.

SIXPENCE.  
BY POST 6½



FROM THE RANKS TO THE TOP OF THE TREE: COLONEL HECTOR MACDONALD.

*Colonel Macdonald was fêted on Saturday by his fellow Scots in London on account of his splendid career, notably for his action at Omdurman. Born in Ross-shire forty-seven years ago, he entered the Gordon Highlanders as a private in 1871, made a name for himself in the Afghan War, and got his commission. He served in the Transvaal Campaign, and has been in the Soudan since 1885. At Omdurman he commanded the Soudanese Brigade. He will have a triumphal progress through Scotland next week. This photograph of him was taken last week by Messrs. Elliot and Fry.*

## "ROBESPIERRE," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



MISS ELLEN TERRY AS CLARISSE DE MAULUÇON.

*This picture (taken by Messrs. Window and Grove, of Baker Street) shows her writing the letter to Robespierre, who has made her prisoner, and is really the father of her son, who had that day tried to assassinate "the Incorruptible."*



"ROBESPIERRE," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



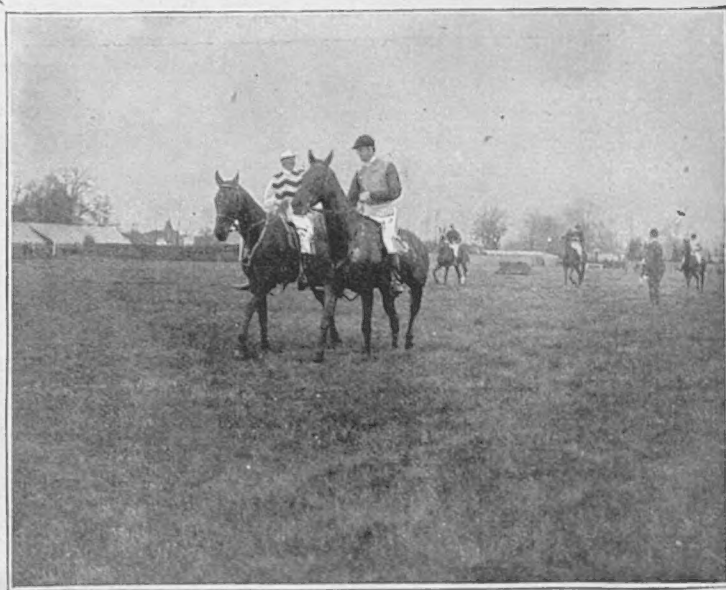
MR. KYRLE BELLEW AS OLIVIER.

*He is here shown (thanks to the camera of Lallie Garet-Charles) on the point of firing at Robespierre, whom he does not know to be his father.*

## HOW STOCKBROKERS ENJOY A STEEPLECHASE.

*From Photographs by Rouch, Strand.*

STEADY GLASS, UNITED HUNTS PLATE WINNER (MAJOR HARDINGE UP).



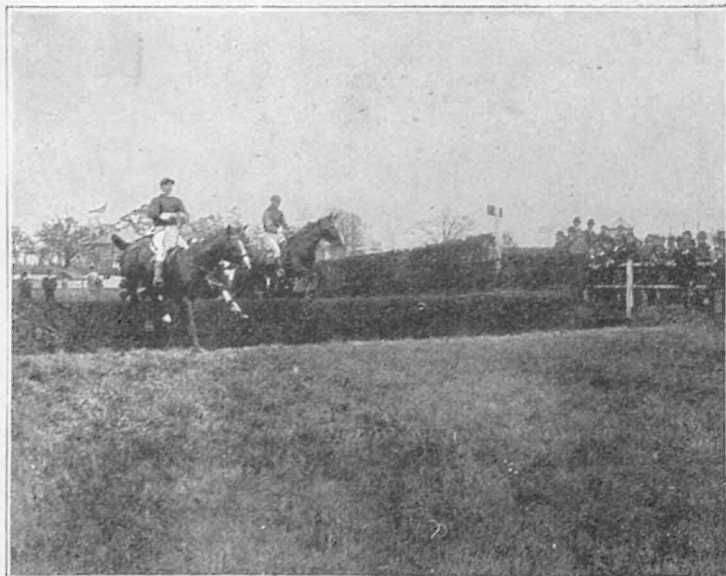
GOING TO THE POST FOR THE UNITED HUNTS PLATE.

The Stock Exchange does not take its pleasures sadly. Thus, when the annual holiday of the Stock Exchange came round last Monday week, many of the members made their way to see the United Hunts Steeplechases at Lingfield Park, with the result that the attendance was bigger than since the time when the Hunts held their races at Edenbridge. The first event, the Lingfield Heavy-weight Hunters' Steeplechase (two miles), was won by Mr. H. M. Ripley's brown gelding Monkey Boat, the



HOW THE PADDOCK AT LINGFIELD LOOKED ON THE UNITED HUNTS STEEPLECHASE DAY.

owner being up, while Mr. W. G. Langland's Doneraile came in second. Lord Hardinge's chestnut, Steady Glass, ridden by Major Hardinge, carried off the United Hunts Plate over a two-and-a-half-mile course. Mr. Ripley also won the Farmers' Race with Mr. H. Y. Scott's Face Value, and the Hunters' Hurdle Race with Mr. A. Gorham's Bonnie Briar, while Major Hardinge carried off the Light-weight Hunters' Steeplechase with the Hon. R. P. Nevill's Medway. The day was beautifully fine.



STEADY GLASS LEADS OVER THE WATER IN THE UNITED HUNTS PLATE



MONKEY BOAT AND DONERAILE AT THE LAST FENCE IN THE LINGFIELD HEAVY-WEIGHTS.



**HAYMARKET THEATRE.**

EVERY EVENING at 9, THE MANŒUVRES OF JANE. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
At 8.10 A GOLDEN WEDDING. MATINEES EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
EVERY EVENING at 8.30 (Doors 8). Last Three Nights.  
CARNAC SAHIB. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) at 2.30.  
On SATURDAY NEXT, May 13, will be revived CAPTAIN SWIFT. By Haddon Chambers.  
Followed at 10.30 by THE FIRST NIGHT.  
Box Office (Mr. F. J. Turner) open 10 to 10.  
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

**ST. JAMES'S. — MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**

EVERY EVENING at 8.30.  
IN DAYS OF OLD. By Edward Rose.  
MATINEES TO-DAY and EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.30.  
Box Office (Mr. Arnold) 10 to 10.  
ST. JAMES'S.

**MISS SUZANNE STOKVIS.**

QUEEN'S (Small) HALL.  
VOCAL, INSTRUMENTAL, and DRAMATIC RECITAL.  
TUESDAY EVENING, May 23, at eight p.m. Accompanist—Mr. Theodore Flint.  
Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Tree's Offices; of Miss Stokvis, 3, Wellesley Villas, Clapham Road, S.W.; and at the Hall. Erard Grand Pianoforte.

**GREATER BRITAIN EXHIBITION,**

EARL'S COURT, LONDON, S.W.  
Director-General—IMRE KIRALFY.  
Season Tickets, 10s. 6d., can be obtained at the Exhibition and all the Libraries.  
Admission Daily, 1s.  
QUEENSLAND, VICTORIA, BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA, WEST AUSTRALIA, HONG-KONG, and other COLONIAL SECTIONS. GREAT MINING COURT. AN EXHIBITION of the ARTS, MANUFACTURES, PRODUCTS, and MINERAL WEALTH of the British Colonies.  
BAND of the GRENADIER GUARDS, BAND of the HON. ARTILLERY COMPANY, The LONDON EXHIBITIONS' ORCHESTRAL BAND.

GRAND SPECIAL FREE ATTRACTIONS DAILY. HAJEX and ATHENE High Rope Walkers.  
The Great Canadian WATER CHUTE. THE EGYPTIAN CITY. BICYCLE-POLO. THE AFRICAN GOLD-MINE. Spessard's Tiger and Bear Show. The Hong-Kong Opium Den. Feszty's Great Panorama. THE GREAT WHEEL, 300 FEET HIGH. The Royal Bioscope. Canadian Swan Boats.

**EMPRESS THEATRE,**

EARL'S COURT, LONDON, S.W.  
SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA. SAVAGE SOUTH AFRICA.  
A Picturesque and Realistic Representation of LIFE in the WILDS of AFRICA.  
Depicted by FRANK E. FILLIS.  
TWICE DAILY, at 3.30 and 8.30.  
Thousands of Reserved Seats at 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s., and 5s.  
A Horde of Savages direct from Africa, comprising Matabeles, Basutos, Swazies, Hottentots, &c. FAMILIES of CAPE and TRANSVAAL BOERS. THE EXPERT MALAY DRIVERS and THEIR CAPE CARTS. EXTRAORDINARY KORAMMA WOMEN. FEMALES of VARIOUS SAVAGE TRIBES. SOUTH AFRICAN TROOPERS. HEROES of THE MATABELE WAR. WILSON'S HEROIC STAND at SHANGANI RIVER. WILD WILDEBEESTS. 300 Horses. Basuto Ponies, Mules, and Zebras, besides a COLOSSAL AGGREGATION of THE WILD FAUNA of SOUTH AFRICA. African Lions, Leopards, Tigers, Bucks, Cranes. Immense Baboons, Wild Dog, Giant African Tortoises, and a HERD of ELEPHANTS, WAGGONS and SPANS of 14 TRAINED OXEN. THE ORIGINAL GWELO STAGE-COACH.  
Being the actual Coach that was attacked by the Matabele in the War of 1896, and almost hacked to pieces by battle-axes. Repaired at considerable trouble, and IT WILL BE ATTACKED BY MATABELE DAILY. In THE MATABELE WAR.  
A Grand Realistic Display, in which 300 SAVAGES, African Police, British and Native Troopers and Settlers will take part. Exciting Scenes. Horses plunging over precipitous crags into the Roaring Torrent beneath. THE WHOLE UNDER COVER.  
THE KAFFI: KRAAL, Peopled by 300 Natives. Genuine Scenes of Savage Life, Customs, and Manners, Sports and Pastimes, Bathing Elephants, War Dances, &c.

**THE ROYAL HORSE SHOW,**

RICHMOND, SURREY.  
Under the Management of the Richmond (Surrey) Horse Show Society, Limited.  
EIGHTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW,  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 9 and 10, 1899.  
£1200 IN PRIZES.  
Classes for Hunters, Hacks, Harness Horses, Polo Ponies, Tandems, Four-in-hands, Suffolk Stallions, Marcs, and Geldings.  
Entries close Saturday, May 20; with double fees, Monday, May 22.  
Schedules, &c, from Captain GERALD FITZGERALD (The Secretary),  
1, The Little Green, Richmond, Surrey.

**GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY (IRELAND).**

THE ROYAL MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN ENGLAND and BELFAST and THE NORTH of IRELAND, via KINGSTOWN, And EXPRESS SERVICES via DUBLIN (NORTH WALL) and via GREENORE.  
FASTEST AND MOST DIRECT SERVICE between SCOTLAND and IRELAND, via BELFAST.  
BREAKFAST and DINING CARS BETWEEN DUBLIN and BELFAST.  
HOTELS UNDER THE COMPANY'S MANAGEMENT at WARRENPOINT, ROSTREVOR, and BUNDORAN.  
CIRCULAR TOURS from London and Principal Towns in England, embracing all places of interest and most picturesque scenery, and finest Fishing and Golfing in Ireland, including Lough Erne, Bundoran, Lough Gill, Donegal Coast, and Highlands.  
A New Coach Service of 100 miles has been established in Co. Donegal, through the finest scenery in Ireland.  
To obtain the Company's Time Table, Illustrated Guides, and Programmes, and full information as to fares, routes, excursion arrangements, &c., apply to the Superintendent of the Line, Amiens Street Terminus, Dublin.  
Dublin, 1899.  
HENRY PLEWS, General Manager.

**LAKES AND FJORDS OF KERRY.**

"The south-western part of Kerry is well known as the most beautiful portion of the British Isles."  
OPENING OF NEW RAILWAYS—NEW TOURIST RESORTS—GOOD HOTELS—MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—GOOD FISHING—COACHING TOURS.  
Cheap tourist tickets issued to Lakes of Killarney, Glengarriff, Caragh Lake for Glencar, Valencia, Waterville, Parknasilla, and Kenmare.  
THE GRAND ATLANTIC COAST TOUR  
affords magnificent views of River, Ocean, and Mountain scenery by Railway and Coach for ONE HUNDRED MILES around the South Kerry Peninsula.  
Tickets are also issued to Killee, Lahinch, Lisdoonvarna, and places on the County Clare coast. Breakfast and Dining Cars on Express Mail Trains between Dublin and Queenstown.  
For full particulars, apply to Messrs. Cook and Son, Messrs. Gaze and Son, the principal stations on the L. and N.-W., Midland, or G.W. Railways, or to Great Southern and Western Railway, Dublin.  
"THE SUNNYSIDE OF IRELAND."  
How to see it by The Great Southern and Western Railway.  
"As a Guide, far in advance of anything before known amongst us."—*Irish Times*, July 11, 1898.  
On sale at Railway Bookstalls, price 1s., or post free for 1s. 4d. from R. G. Colhoun, Traffic Manager, Kingsbridge Terminus, Dublin.  
London Office, 2, Charing Cross; Liverpool Agency, Messrs. Bullock and Co., 22, Lime Street.

**LONDON AND SOUTH - WESTERN RAILWAY.**

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.  
CHANNEL ISLANDS, HAVRE, ST. MALO, and CHERBOURG (via Southampton).

DAYLIGHT TRIP TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.  
CHEAP THIRD-CLASS RETURN TICKETS will be issued to GUERNSEY and JERSEY, on SATURDAY, MAY 20, from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Kensington (Addison Road), and Clapham Junction, by the 8.55 a.m. and 9.45 p.m. Trains from Waterloo.  
Also to ST. MALO, on FRIDAY, MAY 19, at 9.45 p.m.; CHERBOURG, on SATURDAY, MAY 20, at 8.55 p.m.; and HAVRE, on FRIDAY, 19th, and SATURDAY, MAY 20, by the 9.15 p.m. Train from Waterloo.  
CHEAP PERIOD EXCURSIONS will run from Waterloo as under, calling at the principal Stations—

ON FRIDAY, MAY 19.  
At 12.30 midnight for EXETER, OKEHAMPTON, DEVONPORT, PLYMOUTH, BARN-STAPLE, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD, TORRINGTON, &c.  
ON SATURDAY, MAY 20.  
At 7.15 a.m. and 6.40 p.m. to WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, BROCKENHURST, CHRISTCHURCH, and BOURNEMOUTH.  
At 7.30 a.m. to PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, EXETER, TAVISTOCK, LAUNCESTON, CAMELFORD, WADEBRIDGE, BODMIN, PADSTOW, OKEHAMPTON, HOLSWOYTH, RUDE, BARNSTAPLE, LYNTON, ILFRACOMBE, BIDEFORD (for Clovelly), YEovil, EXMOUTH, TEMPLECOMBE, &c.  
At 8 a.m. to ANDOVER, SALISBURY, AXMINSTER, HONITON, SEATON, SIDMOUTH, BUDLEIGH SALTERN, and all Stations between Salisbury and Exeter inclusive, also MARLBOROUGH, SWINDON, CIRENCESTER, CHELTENHAM, &c.  
At 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. to BATH, BURNHAM, BRIDGWATER, SHEPTON MALLET, RADSTOCK, WINCANTON, &c.  
At 10.30 a.m. to WYEMOUTH, DORCHESTER, WIMBORNE, WAREHAM, CORFE CASTLE, SWANAGE, &c.

FOUR DAYS' EXCURSIONS as follows—  
At 3.10 p.m. to NEWPORT, COWES, YARMOUTH, &c.  
At 3.40 p.m. to Stations in the ISLE OF WIGHT.  
At 6.55 p.m. to WINCHESTER, SOUTHAMPTON, GOSPORT, &c.  
At 7.10 p.m. for ROMSEY, SALISBURY, &c.  
At 7.45 p.m. to PETERSFIELD, ROWLAND'S CASTLE, and PORTSMOUTH.  
Long period Tickets will also be issued to Stations in the Isle of Wight.  
For full particulars and Excursions on Whit-Sunday and Monday to Southampton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Bournemouth, &c., see Hand-bills and Excursion Programmes.  
Official List of Seaside, Farmhouse, and Country Lodgings gratuitously upon application to Mr. Sam Fay, Superintendent of the Line, or any of the Company's London Offices.  
CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

**GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. — THAMES RIVERSIDE**

SEASON.—IMPROVED SERVICE.—EXCURSION TICKETS are issued DAILY, by certain trains from PADDINGTON, VICTORIA (L. C. and D.), Addison Road, Hammersmith, &c., to Staines (2s.), WINDSOR (2s. 6d.), Taplow, Maidenhead, and BURNHAM BEECHES (3s.). Cookham, Bourne End, Marlow, Shiplake, and HENLEY (3s. 6d.). Tilehurst (5s.). Pangbourne (5s. 3d.), Goring (5s. 6d.), Cholsey (5s. 9d.), and on WEEK-DAYS ONLY to Wallingford (6s.).  
For full particulars, EXCURSION BOOKINGS to the WEST OF ENGLAND, WYEMOUTH, CHANNEL ISLANDS, &c., see pamphlets, which can be obtained at the Company's Stations and Receiving Offices.  
J. L. WILKINSON, General Manager.

**MIDLAND RAILWAY.**

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

On BANK HOLIDAY, May 22, and during WHITSUNTIDE, certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN, of which due notice will be given by Special Bills at the Stations.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS  
FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.  
TO IRELAND.  
MAY 18, 19, AND 20.  
THURSDAY, MAY 18, to DUBLIN, CORK, KILLARNEY, Ballina, Galway, Sligo, &c., via Liverpool, and on Friday, May 19, via Morecambe; on THURSDAY, MAY 18, to BELFAST, LONDONDERRY, &c., via Birrow, and via Liverpool for 16 days; also on SATURDAY, MAY 20, to LONDONDERRY, via Liverpool, or via Morecambe, returning within 16 days, as per Sailing Bill.  
TO SCOTLAND.  
FRIDAY, MAY 19.  
To GLASGOW, Greenock, Ayr, Kilmarnock, &c., for 5 or 8 days, leaving St. Pancras at 10.5 p.m., and to EDINBURGH, Helensburgh, Stirling, Perth, Dundee, Arbroath, Forfar, Inverness, Ballater, &c., at 9.15 p.m. THIRD CLASS RETURN TICKETS at a SINGLE ORDINARY FARE for the DOUBLE JOURNEY are also issued, available for RETURN ANY DAY WITHIN 16 DAYS.

TO PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND SEASIDE.  
FRIDAY MIDNIGHT, MAY 19, for 3 days; SATURDAY MIDNIGHT, MAY 20, for 2 days; to LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, SHEFFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, &c.  
SATURDAY, MAY 20.  
To LEICESTER, BIRMINGHAM, NOTTINGHAM, Derby, Newark, Lincoln, Burton, Staffordshire Potteries, &c. MATLOCK, BUXTON, MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL, Bolton, Preston, Wigan, BLACKBURN, Bury, ROCHDALE, Oldham, Barnsley, Wakefield, LEEDS, BRADFORD, YORK, HULL, Filer, Saltburn, SCARBOROUGH, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Lancaster, MORECAMBE, BARROW, and the FURNESS and LAKE DISTRICTS, and Carlisle; returning May 22, 25, or 27. To DOUGLAS (Isle of Man) for 10 days. See Bills for times, &c.

WHIT-MONDAY, MAY 22.  
To BIRMINGHAM for 1, 4, or 5 days, and LEICESTER and KETTERING for 1 day, leaving St. Pancras at 6.30 a.m. To ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON (day trips), leaving St. Pancras at 9.10, 10.10, 10.45, 11, and 11.0 a.m. and 1 p.m., and to BEDFORD (day trip) at 10.10 a.m.

FRIDAY, MAY 26.  
To MANCHESTER (for the Races), leaving St. Pancras at 12.5 a.m., and Kentish Town at 12.10 a.m.

NEW WEEKLY SUMMER EXCURSIONS.  
EVERY SATURDAY until further notice (commencing May 20) to MATLOCK, BUXTON, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, BLACKPOOL, Lytham, St. Anne-on-Sea, THE ISLE OF MAN, MORECAMBE, Lancaster, THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, BRIDLINGTON, SCARBOROUGH, WHITBY, &c., for 3, 8, 10, 15, or 17 days.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS  
are now issued every Friday and Saturday from LONDON (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland Stations to the CHIEF HOLIDAY and LEISURE RESORTS in the Peak District of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and a 1 part of Scotland, available for return on the following Sunday (where train service permits), Monday, or Tuesday. For the Whitsuntide Holidays these tickets will also be available for returning up to and including Wednesday, May 24. Programmes gratis on application.

SOUTHEND-ON-SEA.  
CHEAP DAY and WEEK-END EXCURSION TICKETS will be issued to SOUTHEND-ON-SEA during the Whitsuntide Holidays, as announced in Special Bills.  
TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, and BILLS may be had at the MIDLAND STATIONS AND CITY BOOKING-OFFICES, and from THOS. COOK and SON, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices.  
GEO. H. TURNER, General Manager.

**WHITSUNTIDE ON THE CONTINENT.—By the Royal Mail**

Harwich-Hook of Holland Route daily (Sundays included). Cheapest route to Germany and quickest to Holland.  
BRUSSELS—Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes (cheapest Continental Holiday), Switzerland, &c., via Harwich-Antwerp every week-day.  
From London (Liverpool Street Station) for the Hook of Holland at 8.30 p.m., for Antwerp at 8.40 p.m.  
Direct service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York. HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Steamers May 17 and 20.  
For further information apply to the G.E.R. Company's American Rendezvous, 2, Cockspur Street, S.W.; or of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

**JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU, and AROUND the WORLD.**

The magnificent STEAMERS of the PACIFIC MAIL and OCCIDENTAL and ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANIES leave SAN FRANCISCO TRI-MONTHLY. Choice of any Atlantic Line to New York, thence by picturesque routes of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. Stops allowed at points of interest.  
For pamphlets, time schedules, and through tickets apply to Ismay, Imrie, and Co., 30, James Street, Liverpool; 34, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.; or to Rud. Falk, General European Agent, London.—City Offices, 49, Leadenhall Street, E.C.; West End, 18, Cockspur Street, S.W.; and 25, Water Street, Liverpool.



## NO PART OF THIS ISSUE HAS BEEN UNDERWRITTEN.

The List will open To-Day (WEDNESDAY, May 10), at 10 o'clock a.m., and will close on THURSDAY, May 11, at 4 o'clock p.m. or earlier for Town and Country.

## MEASURES BROTHERS (1899), Ltd.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1898.)

## SHARE CAPITAL - - - £285,000.

75,000 5½ per Cent. Preference Shares of £1 each ... .. £75,000  
210,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each ... .. £210,000

(The Preference Shares are Cumulative and Preferential both as to Capital and Dividend),

AND

## £75,000 4½ per Cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock.

Of the above capital one-third, viz.: £25,000 Debenture Stock, 25,000 Preference Shares, and 70,000 Ordinary Shares, will be taken by the Vendors in part payment of their Purchase Consideration, and the Balance, consisting of £50,000 4½ First Mortgage Debenture Stock in multiples of £10 Stock, 50,000 5½ Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 140,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each, are now offered for Subscription at par, payable as follows—

	SHARES.	DEBENTURE STOCK.
On Application ... ..	2s. 6d.	10 per cent.
On Allotment ... ..	7s. 6d.	40 „
On June 20, 1899 ... ..	10s. 0d.	50 „

The Debenture Stock will be secured by a Trust Deed constituting a specific first mortgage upon the Freehold and Leasehold properties purchased, and a floating first charge upon all the other property and assets of the Company, excluding the uncalled capital for the time being.

The interest on the Debenture Stock and Preference Shares will be paid half-yearly, on Sept. 30 and March 31 in every year, the first payment (calculated from the due dates of payment of the several instalments) being payable on Sept. 30, 1899.

By the Trust Deed securing the Debenture Stock, the Company covenant with the Trustees that, pending the redemption of such Stock, the Stock-in-trade, Book-debts, Cash, and Reserve Fund shall always together amount to no less than £100,000.

It is provided by the Trust Deed that the Debenture Stock will be redeemed on Sept. 30, 1911, at £105 per cent., or at any time after Sept. 30, 1904, at the option of the Company, at £110 per cent., or in the event of a voluntary winding-up at any time prior to Sept. 30, 1911, for the purpose of reconstruction, amalgamation, or otherwise, at the price of £110 per cent.

The Directors will proceed to allotment without delay after the closing of the Lists.

## TRUSTEES FOR THE DEBENTURE STOCK HOLDERS.

W. H. SAINSBURY GILBERT, Esq., F.S.I., &c. (of Norton, Trist, and Gilbert), 70, Queen Street, E.C.

R. I. MEASURES, Esq., 57, Southwark Street, S.E.

## DIRECTORS.

R. I. MEASURES  
R. H. MEASURES  
R. T. MEASURES  
H. T. J. MEASURES } Directors of the Vendor Company.

## BANKERS.

THE LONDON JOINT STOCK BANK, LIMITED, 5, Princes Street, London, E.C., and its Branches.

BROKERS.—LUMSDEN and MYERS, 29, Cornhill, London, and Stock Exchange, E.C.

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.—H. E. WARNER and CO., 10, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

## SOLICITORS FOR THE VENDORS.

PRITCHARD, ENGLEFIELD, and CO., Painters' Hall, Little Trinity Lane, E.C.

## AUDITORS.

CREWDSON, YOUATT, and HOWARD, 17, Coleman Street, E.C., and at Manchester.  
SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.—G. YOUATT, 57, Southwark Street, London, S.E.

## P R O S P E C T U S .

This Company has been formed to acquire the business of MEASURES BROTHERS, LIMITED, the well-known Engineers and Iron and Steel Merchants. The business was founded in the year 1870 by R. I. and R. H. MEASURES (being then carried on in London, Manchester, and Glasgow in a comparatively small way), but has since that time been gradually consolidated into the London business only, where it is now carried on. During that time it has steadily risen in magnitude, being almost entirely built up out of the profits made in the business, and although these have naturally fluctuated with the trade of the country, still the trend of the business has been continually upward.

The business was converted into a private Limited Company in December 1892, the whole of the capital being taken and retained by the old partners (the Directors of the Vendor Company) and members of their family, and has been so held up to the present time. It consists largely in the manufacture or sale of Steel and Iron Girders, Joists, Roofs, Bridges, Tanks, Rails, and similar articles, for which the firm has obtained a world-wide reputation.

In the past, the great majority of the goods sold by the Company have been manufactured from Belgian or German iron, but a large and increasing demand has now arisen for British iron and steel products, and, in order to meet the growing requirements of the trade in this class of goods, the Vendors have recently opened a new steel-yard, where all the goods produced are made from British metal. This new department will require a considerable amount of capital expenditure to bring it up to a full profit-earning capacity, and this, coupled with family arrangements, has determined the Vendors to convert the business into a public company.

The customers on the books number between 7000 and 8000, and include the British and Foreign Governments, H.M. Admiralty, the War Office, Post Office, Crown Agents for the Colonies, Railway Companies, Contractors and Builders in a large way of business.

The firm has made it a practice to keep on hand a very large and varied stock of the goods chiefly in demand, so that the requirements of their customers can be met at the shortest notice, their stock being the largest of its kind in the country.

The freehold and leasehold premises held are most centrally and conveniently situated for the carrying on of the business, the freehold steel-yard being in the semicircle formed by the South-Eastern Railway line between Cannon Street and Charing Cross Stations, and the Wharves being well placed on the Thames, and specially adapted and equipped for handling heavy iron goods in the most economical manner.

The profits made in the business have, on the whole, steadily increased from its foundation to the present time, and the Directors have every confidence in the continuity of such profits.

The books have been examined by MESSRS. CREWDSON, YOUATT, and HOWARD, Chartered Accountants, for the purpose of the formation of the present Company, and their certificate is as follows—

“Messrs. H. E. WARNER and CO., Solicitors, 10, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

“GENTLEMEN,—Acting upon your instructions, we have examined the accounts of Messrs. MEASURES BROTHERS, LIMITED, for the three years, 1896, 1897, and 1898.

“The accounts are well kept, and the customers on the books number some 7000 to 8000.

“The business is of a very healthy character, the bad debts averaging less than 5s. per cent. of the annual turnover.

“We find that the profits before charging depreciation, Directors' remuneration, or income tax, have been as follows—

“1896—£37,851 12s. 9d.  
“1897—£30,141 13s. 5d.  
“1898—£39,467 7s. 4d.;

or an average of £35,820 4s. 6d. per annum for the three years ending Dec. 31, 1898.

“These profits are exclusive of sums amounting to about £4000 which the Vendors claim to have expended in additions to Premises, Plant, and Tools during the past three years, and the whole of which have been charged against revenue.

“After consultation with the valuers, we are of opinion that a sum of £1000 per annum should be deducted from the profits for depreciation of leaseholds and fixed and loose plant, machinery, and tools.—We are, Gentlemen, Your obedient Servants.

“April 28, 1899.” CREWDSON, YOUATT, and HOWARD.”

From this it will be seen that the profits for the three years ending

Dec. 31, 1898, have averaged	£35,820 4 6
To pay 4½ per cent. on £75,000 Debenture Stock requires	£3375
“ 5½ per cent. on £75,000 Preference Shares requires	4125
	7500 0 0

Leaving for Depreciation, Management, dividend on the Ordinary Shares, and for Reserve Fund, &c. ... .. £28,320 4 6

Messrs. FULLER, HORSEY, SONS, & CASSELL have been instructed to make a valuation of the freehold and leasehold properties and fixed plant included in the sale, and their valuation is as follows—

“To Messrs. H. E. WARNER & CO., Solicitors.

“GENTLEMEN,—In accordance with your instructions, we have made a careful survey and valuation of certain freehold and leasehold wharves, works, and premises known respectively as Holland Wharf, Blackfriars; Measures Wharf, Bankside; the Upper and Lower Steel Yards, Lavington Street, Southwark; and the Freehold Steel Yard, Southwark Street.

“We have also made a detailed inventory and valuation of the whole of the fixed and loose plant and machinery in and about these properties.

“We are of opinion that the present fair value as a going concern of the above-mentioned properties as fitted with the plant and machinery is the sum of £47,781 0s. 0d.

“These figures are exclusive of any value for stock, stores, loose tools, book debts, or goodwill. We are, Gentlemen, yours faithfully, “FULLER, HORSEY, SONS, and CASSELL.”

It will be seen that the valuation by Messrs. FULLER, HORSEY, SONS, and CASSELL does not include the Stock, Stores, Loose Tools, or Book-Debts, but these are taken over by the Company at the values appearing in the books at Dec. 31, 1898, and are guaranteed by the Vendor Company and its Directors personally, and the whole comprise—

Freehold and Leasehold Land, and fixed and loose Plant and Machinery (as per Messrs. FULLER, HORSEY, SONS, and CASSELL'S valuation)	£47,781 0 0
Book Debts as at Dec. 31, 1898	30,030 2 5
Stock taken at average cost as at Dec. 31, 1898	46,107 6 10
Tools, Section Sheets, Tablets, Stores, &c., estimated at	2,500 0 0
	£126,418 9 3

To which must be added additional working capital provided by this issue, amounting to ... .. 30,000 0 0

Making a total of ... .. £156,418 9 3

By the Trust Deed securing the First Mortgage Debenture Stock the Company covenant with the Trustees that, pending the redemption of such Stock, the Stock-in-trade, Book-debts, Cash, and Reserve Fund shall always together amount to not less than £100,000.

It is provided by the Articles of Association that the dividends paid on the Ordinary Shares shall not exceed 10 per cent. until either (a) the reserve fund reaches £50,000, or (b) the present Debenture issue is reduced to £25,000.

The business is conducted for the most part on cash terms, and the sound nature of the trading is evidenced by the very small percentage of bad debts as shown in Messrs. CREWDSON, YOUATT, and HOWARD'S certificate.

The business has been managed by the gentlemen who become the Directors of this Company, and they have entered into an agreement with the Company under which their services are retained in accordance with the Contract mentioned below, and the whole of the present staff will be taken over by the Company, thus ensuring continuity of management.

The purchase-price of the business and properties above-mentioned has been fixed by the Vendors (who are the promoters of the Company) at £330,000, of which £25,000 is payable in Debenture Stock at par, £25,000 in Preference Shares, and £70,000 in Ordinary Shares, and the balance in cash. Out of the purchase-money the Vendors will discharge the whole of the liabilities of the old Company up to Dec. 31, 1898, which, including an existing Debenture issue, amount approximately to £50,000, and the entire undertaking will thus be transferred free from all encumbrances.

The basis on which the New Company is established is that the New Company shall acquire the property comprised in the Agreement of Sale mentioned below on the terms herein set forth, subject to the power of alteration and modification given by the Articles of Association, and subject also to the Contract for service by the Directors, also mentioned below. As appears by the statements above, the Directors of the New Company are the Directors of, and practically, the sole Shareholders in the Old Company, and the promoters of the New Company. It shall be no objection to either of the before-mentioned Agreements that such Directors, as Promoters and Directors, stand in a fiduciary position towards the New Company, or that they do not in the circumstances before stated constitute an independent Board. And every Member of the New Company, present and future, is to be deemed to join the Company on this basis. None of the said Directors shall be accountable to the New Company, or to any Member thereof, for any moneys, shares, or profits which may become payable or transferable to any of them under or by virtue of the said Agreement.

The business is purchased as from Jan. 1, 1899, and the profits from that date belong to the Company, and, as to that portion accruing up to date of allotment, will be applied (after deducting interest on the purchase price at 4½ per cent.) towards the formation of a Reserve Fund.

The Vendors pay all expenses of and incidental to the flotation of the present Company, and the issue of this Prospectus up to allotment, including legal expenses and brokerage, but the Company will pay the costs of the actual transfer of the properties to the Company and stamp duty thereon.

The contract for sale is dated the 6th day of May, 1899, and is made between MEASURES BROTHERS, LIMITED, of the first part, R. I. MEASURES, R. H. MEASURES, R. T. MEASURES, and H. T. J. MEASURES of the second part, and this COMPANY of the third part. The Directors have also entered into a contract for service with the Company as Managing Directors, dated the same day.

As the business is taken over subject to all existing contracts, and as there are also numerous contracts relating to the trading, and contracts with employees, customers, and others, to which this Company is not a party, and which are too numerous to specify, applicants for shares will be deemed to have had notice of all such contracts, and to have waived the insertion in this Prospectus of dates and names of the parties thereto, and other particulars thereof, whether under Section 38 of the Companies Act, 1867, or otherwise.

The printed draft of the Trust Deed for securing the Debenture Stock and the Contracts for sale and service above referred to, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, Messrs. FULLER, HORSEY, SONS, and CASSELL'S certificate, and Messrs. CREWDSON, YOUATT, and HOWARD'S certificate, can be seen at the offices of Messrs. H. E. WARNER and CO., the Company's Solicitors, 10, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Stock Exchange settlements and quotations will be applied for in due course.

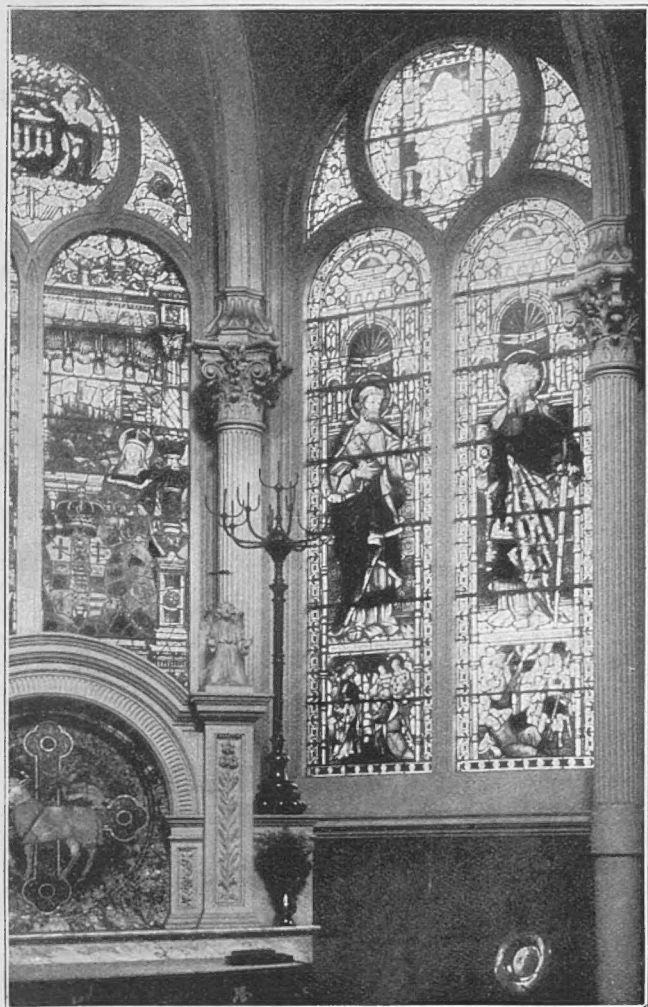
Prospectuses can be obtained at the offices of the Company and of the Bankers, Brokers, and Solicitors of the Company.

London, May 8, 1899.



## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

On Sunday, April 30, a new window was dedicated in Kew Parish Church to the memory of the late Duchess of Teck. There were present



WINDOW IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF TECK ERECTED  
IN KEW CHURCH.

Photo by Gunn and Stuart, Richmond.

the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Cambridge, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and a distinguished company, including the Princes Francis, Alexander, and Adolphus of Teck. The new window has two main lights, one containing a representation of St. Peter with his keys, and beneath it the Apostle is figured receiving the commission recorded in St. Matthew's Gospel. In the other light are included St. Paul's conversion and the Apostle holding the Word of Life and the Sword of the Spirit. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal, from the text, "In her tongue was the law of kindness."

Prince Louis of Battenberg is about to relinquish the command of the battleship *Majestic*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, the Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Squadron. He has held the appointment for two years, and will be succeeded by Captain C. le Clerc Egerton, who was Admiral Rawson's flag-captain when that officer was Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope Squadron, a year or two ago. Prince Louis is very popular with officers and men of the Navy, who recognise in him one of the most capable and hard-working captains of the Fleet. Since he distinguished himself in the Egyptian War, seventeen years ago, Prince Louis has been busily employed either ashore on technical committees or afloat. Rumour is just now very busy with his name, and it is said that he will not go to sea again until the new *Victoria and Albert* is ready for service, which will not be for at least a year.

Lieutenant G. R. A. Gaunt, of the cruiser *Porpoise*, which for many months past has been

stationed off Samoa, and whose officers and men have seen not a little sharp fighting, will be able to bring home an interesting memento of the many months he and the crew of the *Porpoise* have spent off Samoa. In recognition of Lieutenant Gaunt's bravery in the early part of the year, when he saved the Mission House, the King and his chiefs have presented him with a sword of honour. It has a very short but very effective inscription, the one word "Tagliola," which means "A life redeemed," or "The price of a life." The crew of the *Porpoise* will not be sorry to get back to civilisation again. For over a year they have been cruising about in the Tropics, living on a very limited dietary. There has been a great deal of sickness—fever and abscesses. Several men have died.

Mr. John Morley and Sir William Harcourt flit across the Parliamentary scene in an interesting manner. Their appearance gives variety and piquancy to the front Opposition bench. Mr. John Morley keeps to the gangway end, but Sir William Harcourt moves about, and sometimes sits near the Speaker's chair chatting with friends. With most of his former colleagues he seems to be on frank and easy terms. Mr. Asquith converses with him frequently. There is less communication between Mr. Morley and the "official" set of Liberals—not because his relations with them are strained, but because he is naturally more reserved than Sir William. Mr. Morley watches the proceedings with the amused air of a detached observer. He listens and smiles, but for the most part keeps his own counsel. In Sir William's company he takes great delight, finding keen enjoyment in his former chief's jokes. The only Liberal who has been a party to any open unpleasantness with Sir William Harcourt since his resignation is Sir Robert Reid. Sir Robert took offence one day lately because he could not get his usual seat. He is accustomed to sit at the gangway end of the front bench, so that the presence of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley in that quarter has proved, in his case, a little inconvenient. The late Leader of the Liberal Party tried to turn away his wrath, but was not successful—on the occasion in question, at all events.

I reproduced a quaint line-drawing by Mr. Barnby last week, but credited with the initial "H." His name is Laurence Yorke Barnby, and, as I stated, he is a son of the late composer.

The May-day celebration at Whitelands College, Chelsea, inaugurated by Mr. Ruskin, was again observed this year with its customary quaint and pretty ceremonial. After morning service in the chapel, the students, crowned with garlands, proceeded to the large hall, where last year's Queen, Miss Ellen Rose, abdicated in favour of Miss Alice Gourlay. May-pole dances and some amusing mumming followed, and then the Queen was duly enthroned and decorated with the royal insignia, a gold cross and necklet sent by Mr. Ruskin. The Countess of Aberdeen, who was present, told the students that their May-day rites had found imitators in Canada, a May Queen having been crowned last year at Government House, Ottawa. Her Canadian Majesty was the daughter of the Bishop of Ottawa.



CROWNING THE MAY QUEEN AT WHITELANDS COLLEGE.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



They are a strange people who inhabit the valley of the Brahmaputra, the largest tea-producing tract in India. This territory is bounded on the north by range upon range of mountains, starting with hills which rise to a few hundred feet above the level of the plains, and culminating in the snowy peaks of the Himalayas. In these hills, between Thibet



HOW FREEBOOTERS ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER COME DOWN TO US FOR A "TIP."

and British territory, live a number of independent tribes, of Mongolian origin, who, secure in their rocky fastnesses, own no allegiance to any civilised Power. At the beginning of the century, when the Assam Raj was breaking up, and the Rajahs were unable to protect their frontiers, these tribes used to descend from their hills and levy blackmail upon the villages near the border. In course of time these exactions obtained the sanction of custom, and when Assam was added to the dominions of the Company Bahadur, the hillmen claimed the right to levy a tax in kind on settlers in the sub-mountain tracts. The Honourable Court of Directors consented to acknowledge this claim to blackmail, but declined to allow the borderers to be their own tax-gatherers, and commuted all these claims for a payment to be made in cash by Government itself, thus obtaining a power of control over the tribes which has since been frequently used to good effect.

It is easy for a body of freebooters to slip down, harry a village, and return long before the alarm is given; and a system of outposts along the frontier, which would render such raids impossible, can be maintained only at great expense, while a punitive expedition is even more costly, the tribes retiring quietly before us, and leaving nothing but a few huts to burn. The gentle savage is, however, by no means free from the *auri sacra fames*, and the reflection that a little outbreak by one of the young bloods means the stoppage of Government revenue for the whole tribe has a most deterrent effect. Every cold weather, the hillmen come down to the plains to receive their "posa," as it is called, or Government grant, and this illustration represents a group of Akas who have come to the house of the magistrate for the purpose. They report on the character of the snowfall in their hills during the previous year—information which is taken into account when forecasting the coming rainfall—and of the existence of disturbances amongst them, and offer to Government a paltry gift of a few bamboo bows and arrows in return for a large bag of rupees. Though friendly enough when in the plains, they do not encourage callers at their houses, and visitors have ere now been detained and sold as slaves.

Since May 1, the shortest route to Berlin and North Germany has been by Harwich and the Hook of Holland. By the completion of a new railway skirting Rotterdam, the North-German express no longer needs to touch Amsterdam, but proceeds by way of Rotterdam, Gouda, Utrecht, Amersfoort, Deventer, and Oldenzaal, across the German frontier, for Berlin. The line from Harwich to the Hook and the German frontier is now almost as straight as if ruled with a ruler. The service, both as regards trains and steamers, is excellent.

Who can believe now that Thibet is not up-to-date? A short time ago a Burmese pedlar arrived at Lhasa with a phonograph in his pack.

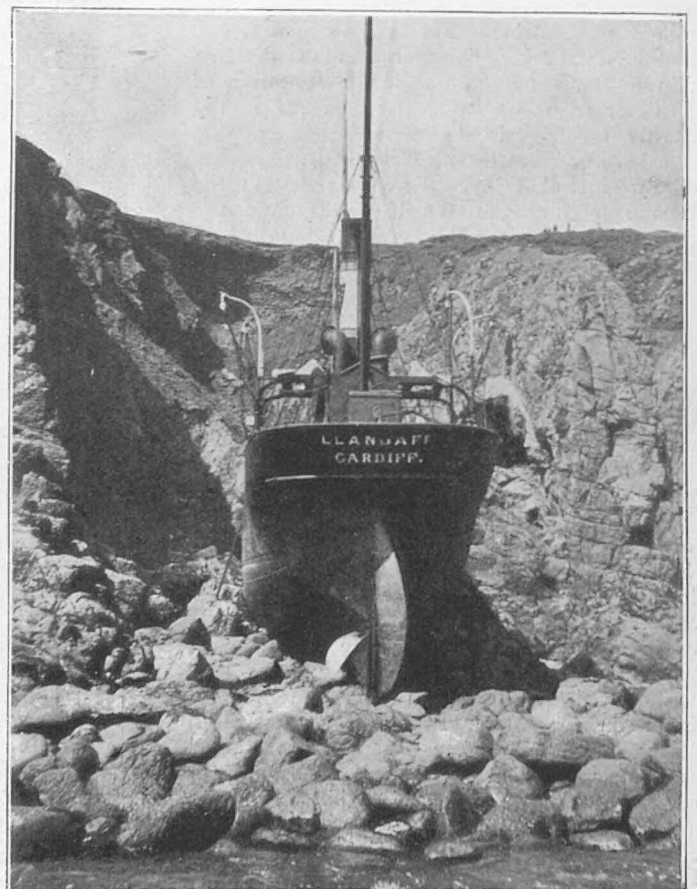
The instrument struck wonder and terror to the hearts of his audience when it suddenly declaimed a chapter of a particularly holy book. Nabi-Sanna, supreme head of the religion, was immediately communicated with, and he saw that this wonderful machine might be of great use to him as an assistant High Priest. He promptly bought it, and now it recites Buddhist prayers hundreds of times a day, to the edification of devout worshippers, who consider it the finest prayer-machine that has yet been known in Thibet.

In the circumstance that much of the Queen's life—how she occupies her time, her partialities and dislikes, her friendships and amusements—is known to the public, the sympathetic bond between Sovereign and subjects becomes stronger. There are one or two features, however, that are known as yet to comparatively few. It is not very generally known, for instance, that her Majesty has a strong aversion to railway-tunnels, and, as far as possible, avoids travelling by a route in which they have to be passed through. When the Queen journeyed lately from Windsor to Folkestone, *en route* to Cimiez, a devious route was chosen in order to avoid long tunnels, as many as four lines being traversed. It is well known, of course, that the Queen has her favourite authors, over whose pages she occupies some time almost daily; but it will be news for not a few to learn that her Majesty has of late been manifesting a more than ordinary interest in modern poetry, and has made herself familiar with the verse of more than one of our young contemporary bards.

Lord Strathcona, the High Commissioner for Canada, tall, erect, white-headed and bearded, does not give one the impression that he is nearing his eightieth birthday, though such is actually the case. Born in humble circumstances in the upland parish of Archieston, in Morayshire, Donald Alexander Smith entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company at an early age, and was the last Resident Governor of that corporation as a ruling body. He early foresaw the possibilities of Canada, and has held many of the high academic and civil offices in the Dominion. In 1886 he was created K.C.M.G., and was raised to the peerage on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee. In the distribution of his immense wealth, Lord Strathcona has not forgotten the place of his nativity, and some time since founded a Cottage Hospital at Forres. It is said that Sir Donald wished to be known to posterity as Lord Glencoe, assuming the title from his estate in the locality so named. Be that as it may, it is hardly likely that, as was circumstantially asserted lately, the lairds and chieftains of the North protested against the assumption by Sir Donald of the historic name of Glencoe, or that a settlement by compromise was necessary. Lord Strathcona, by the way, has no heir, and his only daughter is the wife of Dr. Bliss Howard.

Mr. Kipling starts for England, all being well, on the 23rd. I wonder if the crowd which assembles to welcome him back to London will be as big as that which greeted the Hero Jaggars?

Here is a haven of rest, if you like. The collier steamer *Llandaff* went ashore near the Land's End a few days ago during a fog. It is now in a pretty tight corner.

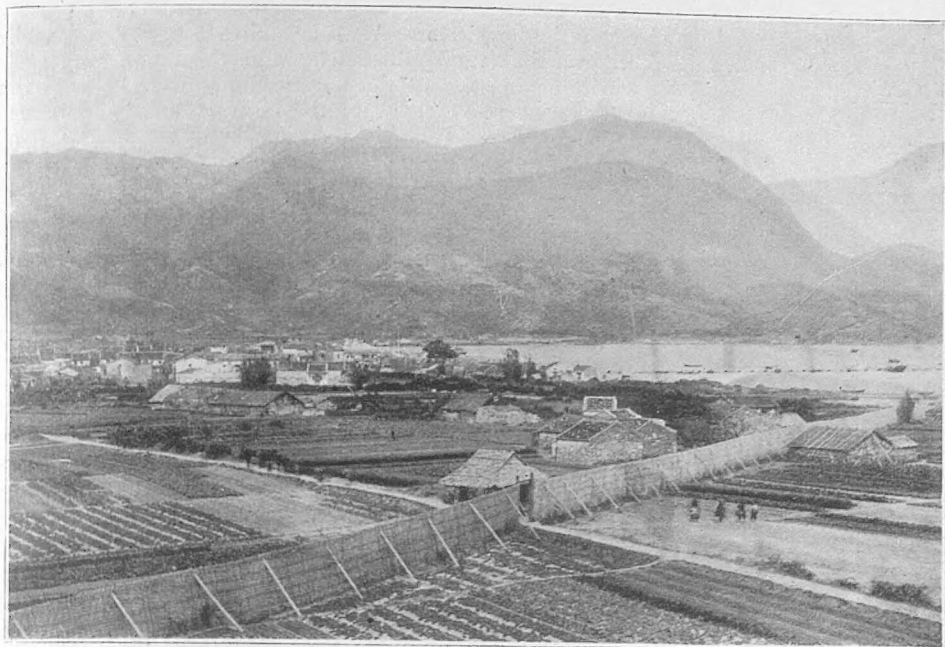


A STRANGE "HAVEN OF REST."



The city of Kowloon has been more in evidence during the last six weeks than it has been for six centuries. The city is situated on the Kowloon Extension, which was leased by China to Great Britain last

matter of dirty and narrow streets. Pigs roam at large, and have free access to the dwelling-houses; and, as there is an open sewer in the centre of most of the streets, the odour of Kowloon can be faintly imagined. The only public buildings are the Yamen, or Magistrates' Office, and the pawnshops. Kowloon was formerly a noted resort of pirates, and is at the present time the headquarters of numerous criminals from Hong-Kong and the surrounding district. Gambling-hells are plentiful, and gambling is carried on in the streets. Europeans are so seldom seen in Kowloon that the small children will run away screaming with terror at the approach of a "fan kwei," or foreign devil, as they call us.



THE PRESENT FRONTIER (A BAMBOO PALISADE) OF KOWLOON CITY.

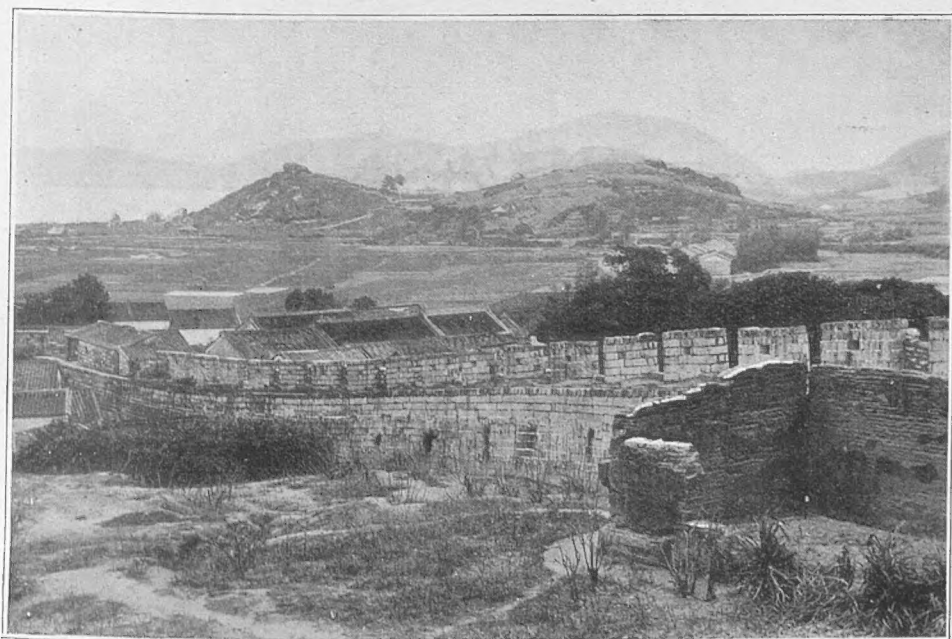
year for a period of ninety-nine years, or so long as Russia holds Port Arthur. The present area of British Kowloon (the extremity of the peninsula) is about four square miles. By the treaty of 1898, China cedes to Great Britain the territory north of British Kowloon up to a certain line, and adjacent islands, including Lantau, the total extent of new territory being about two hundred square miles.

Kowloon City is worthy of notice as being the first Chinese walled city on a British possession. The city is rather picturesquely situated at the head of a shallow bay to the north-east of Hung-ham Bay, where the docks and workshops of the Hong-Kong and Whampoa Dock Company are located. It is a very small city, the greater portion being built outside the walls, the walled portion being oblong in shape and so small that it is possible to walk round it in ten minutes. I doubt if there is a smaller walled city anywhere. The walls are of granite, and about ten feet wide and twenty feet high, and have a few dismantled old cannon lying in the embrasures. Kowloon is just beyond the present frontier dividing the British and Chinese territory. The frontier palisade, which extends right across the peninsula, is built of bamboo. Note the neatly laid-out and carefully cultivated gardens on both sides of the palisade. The population of the city is probably not more than five thousand, but the place is thoroughly Chinese in the



HOW THE CHINESE GAMBLER IN THE STREETS OF KOWLOON CITY.

*Under British rule, will it become a "Place"?*



THE SOUTH-WEST WALL OF KOWLOON CITY, LOOKING TOWARDS HONG-KONG.

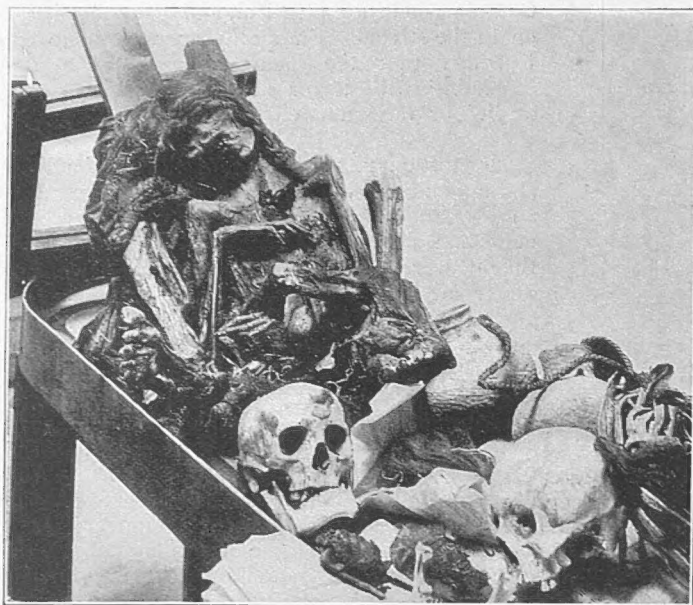
*From Photographs by Charles Bradbury.*

Baron von Stengel, Professor of Law at Munich University, is to be one of the German delegates at the Peace Conference. If a pamphlet which he has recently published goes for anything, he has but little faith in the object of his mission. In his essay he discusses two questions—whether the abolition of war is desirable, and whether it is possible. As regards the first, he decides in the negative, for he is unable to regard perpetual peace as a true ideal of civilisation, or to agree with the advocates of disarmament, that war is injurious to science, art, commerce, industry, and civilisation. Not intellectual achievement, he says, but rather its capabilities for war, decide the fate of a nation. Not only is physical strength involved, but also a number of intellectual and ethical factors which determine the worth of a nation.

As to abolishing war, the Baron describes the attempt as futile, and reminds his countrymen that least of all is it their interest to support the fantastic aspirations of the friends of peace, since the German Empire has not only to maintain its position in Europe, but has still to achieve for the nation its rightful place in the politics of the world. This, from a delegate, is scarcely promising for the success of the Conference; but there is food for reflection in the Baron's outspoken opinions.



Coroners have to "sit on" queer things sometimes. The other day the "Crowner" of Shoreditch held an inquiry concerning the contents of a box discovered at the Finsbury Goods Dépôt of the London and North-Western Railway. The box had come from Peru and was consigned to a museum in Belgium. Inside it was found a mummy, wrapped in a coarse, reddish cloth, and sewn up with string. The



MUMMY FOUND AT BROAD STREET STATION.

body was doubled up into a squatting position, the head slightly depressed, the arms folded across the breast. It was believed to be a Peruvian relic. In Peru certain tribes dried the bodies of the departed in the sun, doubling them up in the position of the mummy in question. The jury returned a verdict to the effect that they were perfectly satisfied that the body pointed to no recent crime in this country, and that the deceased was an unknown female of the age of about twenty-five years. And so, of this Peruvian unknown, as of poor Ophelia, the gravedigger might say, "The crowner hath sate on her and finds it Christian burial"; only the burial is in this case denied, for the mysterious package has gone its way to the Belgian museum.

This picture illustrates the recent naval review off Sardinia. The British squadron, which consisted of eight battleships and six cruisers, arrived on April 17. The Italian squadron had four battleships—*Sicilia* (flagship), *Sardegna*, *Francesco Morosini*, and *Andria Doria*, and several smaller vessels. There was constant and very cordial exchange of international courtesies, luncheons, dinners, and other entertainments taking place daily between the ships. Each Italian ship was told off to a British one for this purpose, and the good-fellowship which has always existed between the Navies of the two nations was very much *en evidence*.

The cruiser *Impérieuse* is homeward bound from the Pacific, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Palliser, and a paying-off pennant into the bargain—a long piece of ribbon, probably many yards long. After three years' service on the Pacific, she was given an enthusiastic send-off on bidding good-bye to Esquimaux. One correspondent, who witnessed the farewell, says that the water in the capacious harbour rose at least three inches as a result of the downpour of feminine tears, a statement which may or may not be correct. The *Impérieuse* certainly looked imposing as she steamed out of the harbour, escorted by the cruisers *Phaeton* and *Egeria*. The homeward journey of the *Impérieuse* will be a long one, as she is to call at a number of ports. She is not expected at Portsmouth until Aug. 11. Meantime, Rear-Admiral Beaumont is already on his way out to take over the command of the Pacific Squadron.

The opponents of the recent change of sending the Guards to the Mediterranean in peace-time will doubtless find some comfort in the reports on the review of the Brigade of Guards last week in Hyde Park, when three battalions paraded before the Commander-in-Chief with a total strength of but eleven hundred, "in numbers, drill, and appearance perhaps the worst presentment ever made since the days of the 'Iron Duke' by the Brigade of Guards in Hyde Park," and "apparently composed of troops hastily thrown together." It is even said that "distinguished foreigners" were observed to smile, and were heard to comment unfavourably upon the spectacle, and that Lord Wolseley himself was anything but satisfied. Strangely enough, an evening paper gave the strength of the Brigade as nine hundred per battalion, or a

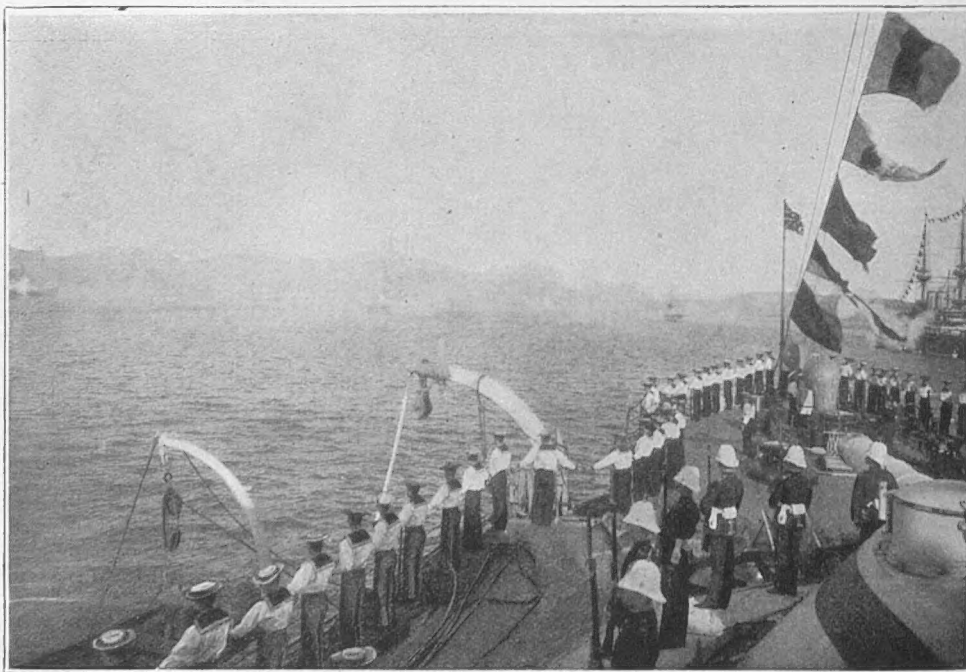
total of 2700 men, an obvious overestimate for regiments on home-service even at the best of times. The two accounts do not dovetail at all, for whereas one presents a doleful picture of attenuated and badly drilled battalions, the other gives an account of big, well-drilled, and highly disciplined regiments.

The officers of the Royal Horse Artillery and Hussars are said to be much disturbed over the question of their new busby-plumes, which are to be of ostrich-feathers instead of the aigrettes now worn. This is the outcome of the recent agitation about the destruction of the herons which provide the feathers. There is a curious irony in the fact that, while the War Office has decreed the change in consequence of the questions asked in the House, the officers of the regiments affected have to pay the cost out of their own pockets. It remains to be seen whether ladies generally will follow the gentleman Tommy's lead. Some writers have been asking what an ostrich-plume will look like on a soldier's headgear; but the question seems unnecessary, for are not the hackles worn by the Scots Greys and the various Highland regiments made of ostrich-feathers, though, of course, these are worn at the side of the bearskin or bonnet, and not as an upstanding plume in front?

Colonel E. V. Sartorius, V.C., C.B., who has just been promoted to the establishment of General Officers as a Major-General, joined the old 59th (now the 2nd Battalion East Lancashire, but then the 2nd Nottinghamshire, or rather, according to Tommy, "The Lilywhites") in 1862, and served for twenty years with the regiment. He got his "V.C." in 1879 for his conspicuous bravery at Shah-jui, in the Afghan War, when, at the head of some half-dozen men of his battalion, he scaled an almost inaccessible position on the top of a precipitous hill in the face of a body of the enemy of unknown strength. There he and his handful of men bore the brunt of the attack of the whole body of the enemy, killing seven of them, though one of the "Lilywhites" lost the number of his mess, and the then Captain Sartorius was wounded in both hands by sword-cuts. Since 1882 he has filled various Staff appointments, and in the Egyptian War of that year served as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General on the Base and Lines of Communication.

Captain Cleghorn, who adopted the name of George Tancred as heir of entail of Arden Hall, Yorkshire, has produced a bulky history of the Jedburgh Club, under the title of "Annals of a Border Club" (Jedburgh: T. S. Smail). Since its inception under the Earl of Ancrum in 1810, the Club has had as members scions of the best Border houses, including the Duke of Buccleuch, Marquess of Lothian, Duke of Roxburghe, the Elliots of Minto, Sir George Douglas, and a host of others. The membership is limited to forty, and up till 1897 there have been two hundred and twenty-two members. At first a green and then a blue uniform was adopted, with special buttons, and the members dined four times a-year. We find John Lang, Sheriff-Clerk of Selkirk, was a member, his eldest son, Andrew, born in 1844, being Stevenson's "dear Andrew with the brindled hair." We can fancy Mr. Andrew Lang glorying in this bulky volume, which bristles with all sorts of out-of-the-way information. Its title-roll to fame is its being by a member of the Club, though it is remarkable how many really notable people are here memorialised. If Sir Walter Scott was not a member, many of his friends were, such as Shortreede of Jedburgh, Dr. Thomas Summerville, and at the four annual dinners, doubtless, he might have gathered a harvest of good things.

Another excellent Border book has also just made its appearance, "The History of Roxburgh, Peebles, and Selkirk," by Sir George Douglas, certainly one of the best of the series of Blackwood's County Histories to which it belongs.



THE SQUADRONS OFF SARDINIA SALUTING THE KING OF ITALY'S YACHT.



It is a remarkable fact concerning the Paris Salon, which opened its doors this week, that the most notable works exhibited are by artists born in Toulouse. It appears that this metropolis of Southern France is a hotbed of genius. They say that the very grocers' boys in the streets there, carrying parcels home, will sing you an air from "Le Prophète" as if they were candidates for the Grand Opera boards. Toulouse boasts that contemporary France is in large part the work of her own gifted children, and laments, at the same time, that this genius goes to swell the glory of Paris. But this year she has a revenge: Toulouse dominates the Salon.

Jean-Paul Laurens is a native of Toulouse. His canvas is perhaps the most remarked of the year. It is a ceiling for Toulouse, glorifying the victory of the city over Simon de Montfort. Falguière is a Toulousain. To him the Society of Men of Letters confided the execution of a Balzac statue after the rejection of Rodin's last year, and round his work now exhibited rises already such heated discussion as will defray the principal art gossip of the year. Benjamin-Constant, Henri-Martin, Paul Vidal, Antonin Mercié, not to speak of the lesser lights, are all Toulousains. Finally, the great master of French painting of these times, the late Puvis de Chavannes, was a child of Toulouse. In pious cult of this last artist they have hung in the most conspicuous place in the exhibition his picture, "The Lady in Black." It is the famous portrait of the Princess Cantecuzene before she became the wife of the painter, a picture destined to the Louvre.

This last Salon of the century thus glorifies the genius and the romance of Toulouse, and it is a significant fact to whoever knows of

France's efforts at decentralisation. A Frenchman said in my hearing the other day, "Strangers make a mistake when they imagine that Paris is France. Paris is Paris, and no more. The sentiment, the genius even, of Frenchmen is elsewhere and is other. In the life of the real France, Paris counts less than Toulouse." It is true this Frenchman was a native of Toulouse.

How many authors can lay claim, in addition to writing and seeing their books through the press, to be the designers of their own covers? Such versatility is given only to a gifted few, one of whom is M. Victorien Sardou, the famous playwright, and the designer of the cover of "Robespierre," the novelised version of the Lyceum play

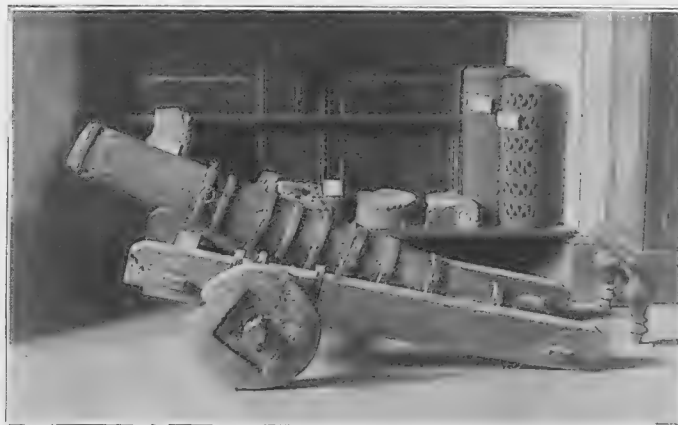
published by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson; and, although M. Sardou cannot be said to have actually written the novel, yet he has personally supervised it, entrusting the amplification thereof to a personal friend, M. Ange Galdemar, who has managed to build up an exceedingly interesting story, and one that follows the action of Sir Henry Irving's play very closely.

We are wont to ridicule French journals for their conception of English names and titles—"Sir Smith," &c.—but a recent perusal of the leading Spanish papers convinces me that there are still funnier depths. The other day, I read in Madrid that "Mr. Rixbeach" had been delivering an important speech, and, a little later, I learned in Seville that "Mr. Devonshire" had made a pronouncement on the subject of *El jingoismo* at Birmingham.

The French are very proud of having discovered the word "smart," which they apply in every sort of incongruous way. Wherever French fashions go, this word is used twenty times a minute. It has even crossed the Pyrenees, only altering its complexion slightly in transit. I have just seen a gaudy parasol in a shop-window of the Rambla at Barcelona, and on it was a huge ticket inscribed in flaring capitals, "SMARK!!!" What a pity Lewis Carroll is not still with us to perpetuate this delightful canine variation!

The new Elysée Palace Hotel in Paris occupies the site of the Hotel of the Duc de Morny, famous for its fashionable gatherings in the days of the Second Empire. It covers the entire area bounded by the Champs Elysées, the Rue de Bassano, the Rue Vernet, and the Rue de Galilée. The new Hotel, which has been designed by M. George Chedanne, is appointed

with every modern luxury, and will no doubt become popular, especially with English people. Some of the rooms, indeed, are quite in the English style, notably one of the private dining-rooms, which is a reproduction of the library at Syon House, Isleworth. The Restaurant,



THIS CRAZY CANNON WAS TAKEN FROM THE FILIPINOS BY THE SPANIARDS, AND IS NOW IN THE HONG-KONG MUSEUM.

Photo by Charles Bradbury.

the Table d'Hôte Salon, and all other public rooms are in the best possible style. Messrs. Maple and Co., London, were the contractors, and, needless to say, the work does them the highest credit.

Here is a curiosity in the way of cannon. This gun was used by the Filipinos against the Spaniards at Cavité in the rebellion of 1896. The bore is an iron pipe about three inches in diameter. The gun was presented to the Hong-Kong Museum by Captain Sir Edward Chichester, of H.M.S. *Immortalité*.

"Dryasdust" writes to me as follows—

The picturesque paragraph about the King's Head Inn at Brighton (in last week's *Sketch*) belongs to that class of mistakes which, as Moltke observed, "assume the form of legends which it is not always easy subsequently to disprove." The story of King Charles's visit to West Street has, however, been exploded. The late Mr. F. E. Sawyer, a Brighton solicitor, who delighted in grubbing up antiquarian dark corners, carefully searched the Court Rolls, but was unable to find any trace of such an inn in West Street before 1754, by which time Charles II. had long been dead and buried. The inn probably visited by the King stood in another street (Middle Street). This can be traced back to 1656; it has long since vanished. Some of your readers who prefer historical accuracy to picturesqueness may like to know these things. Anyhow, as you have given one side, you may as well give the other; then those who have paid their money can "take their choice," which is as much as anyone can expect in these uncertain days, when so much "history" has to be re-written.

"Oh, listen to the band!" And, think of it, a Convict Band of Nouméa (New Caledonia, Australasia)! It is supposed to be the finest band in the Southern Hemisphere. The kiosk in which the convicts play is in the Place des Cocotiers, and is surrounded by cocoanut-trees and flame-trees with their scarlet flowers, which give the place a gay appearance. The band, which is generally about thirty strong, is made up of first-class convicts. The performances take place on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8 p.m., and on Sundays at 4.30 p.m., under the supervision of armed warders, who march round and round the musicians. The music



THE CONVICT BAND OF NOUMÉA, NEW CALEDONIA.

is classical. The performers are all clean-shaved (except those who are to be shortly liberated), and are dressed in white trousers and jumpers, and wide-brimmed grass-hats. The audience is generally quite small. When the programme has been completed, the convicts are marshalled up in line by the warders and marched off.

The antiquary must feel a shiver run through him when he contemplates that colossal Holborn-Strand street which the County Council is going to make, for it will sadly alter the face of a part of London which has many charming reminiscences connected with it. Think of the curtailing of the New Inn, which is as serene as if it lay a



THIS HOUSE IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, WHERE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE LIVED, IS DOOMED.  
Photo by Bolas, Oxford Street, W.

hundred miles from the Strand. And Lincoln's Inn Fields will feel the touch of the image-breaker, for the great mansion which forms one of the corner blocks is doomed. The law holds it to-day; a lord tenanted it yesterday, for it was here that Thomas Pelham-Holles, the great Duke of Newcastle, lived, and died in 1768. Walpole hated him, and yet he was a notable statesman in his way, "a devout Churchman, a patron of letters, a placable foe, an easy landlord, a kind master, and a genial host." He left no son, so that his title devolved on his nephew-in-law, Henry Fiennes Clinton, the ninth Earl of Lincoln. That is why the present Duke of Newcastle's family name is Pelham-Clinton, although his Grace's only brother (and successor), who is the husband of May Yohe, took the name of Hope twelve years ago, after his mother.

Robert Louis Stevenson's house, where he spent so many happy years of the latter part of his life, and which was pillaged by the Samoan warriors during the late trouble in the islands, has been sold. It was here also that the late King of Samoa, Malietoa Laupepa, died. Vailima is a most charming residence, situated at some little distance out of Apia, and just below the peak upon which is Stevenson's grave, up to which a right-of-way has been reserved. The buyer is a wealthy German speculator from Honolulu, and the price was £1700. Conan Doyle was asked, it is said, by Stevenson to visit him at Samoa, and replied that he did not know the way. "Oh!" said Stevenson, "you go to America, cross to San Francisco, and then take the second turning to the left."

A correspondent writes—

The picture of the Maharana of Oodeypore in *The Sketch* reminds me of more than one visit to his Highness's capital, renowned for its natural beauties and one of the most lovely lakes in the world. His Highness gave me a picture of a scene in the public gardens of Oodeypore below the Palace, showing a water-lily supporting a child. The *Victoria regia* is a native of Guiana and Brazil. It has large floating leaves of a bright-green above and a deep-violet on the lower surface, measuring as much as from seven to eight feet in diameter, with a uniformly turned-up margin of about three inches high. The flowers rise among the leaves upon prickly stalks; they are more than one foot in diameter, are of all shades from white to pink, and are delightfully fragrant. The fruit is globular and thickly beset with prickles.

From the letter of a lady friend in Rome I cull the following description of the recent great function at St. Peter's—

I walked up to St. Peter's at 9.25 without any trouble, finding the place packed. It was all magnificently arranged, no crowd at all for the "tribune" folks, and I passed to my block without even asking the way. I looked from my seat right on to the throne, quite the best position in the whole church; no one behind me, and I saw the Pope and the ceremony the whole time with nothing between us. He did not say Mass, but sat on the throne at the extreme end of the apse, and received the homage of all the Cardinals, a most impressive ceremony. Though the crowd was huge, the noise when the Pope arrived was nothing to what I expected, but very great when he left. The silver trumpets were an absolute fraud, and sounded like a child's toy! After the Mass, they carried the Pope in front of St. Peter's tomb, exactly in a line with me, and there, on a platform, he sang the Benediction most marvellously. He said two prayers first, and I assure you his was the one voice I heard the whole time. He looks terribly ill and old, but moves *wonderfully*. If only the people had been quiet it would have been so much more impressive. After the blessing they *clapped*, and one almost expected to hear "Bis, bis!" We were then promised a plenary indulgence, and the Pope departed amidst yells and shouts.

The intelligent foreigner who can venture to express an unflattering opinion of London is rather rare. To most people who have travelled, the charm of our capital is apparent even when Buda-Pesth, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris have been visited. I recently met a gentleman, travelling for pleasure, in search of a permanent home. He is a native of Holland, where he was so fortunate as to acquire a fortune and a taste for fine art. All the European capitals have been critically considered, and his summing-up of the case for London was dispassionate, though unjust. "I yield to nobody in admiration for Englishmen," he said; "but your country's capital has only one fine view—from the Thames Embankment, and one really fine set of buildings that can be properly admired—the Houses of Parliament and the Abbey. For the rest, your best buildings are killed by their surroundings; the licence given to advertisers is deplorable. I saw Trafalgar Square by the mingled light of the moon and the advertisements, and was horrified. No country in the world could have a town that would live up to the standard of its finest buildings, and your fine buildings in London make the rest contemptible. I can believe," he went on, "that men would live in London for the sake of having the best material pleasures that life can offer, but I do not believe that any one of your great artists or poets could do his work in one of the fashionable quarters of London." My friend is, as I say, a travelled, cultured, and unprejudiced man. How far is his indictment true?



THE "VICTORIA REGIA" IN OODEYPORE GARDENS.



A "lady journalist" and a lady who is a journalist are two very different things. The former has been known to organise charity concerts for herself. The latter, who supplies Society gossip to journals, makes a very good thing of it. One lady is credited with making £2000 a-year by this. That is a high figure, but I know a lady who gets a salary bigger than many a man in the Indian Civil Service. In fact, the journalist, as Mr. Gilbert said the other day of the drama, is quite the lady now, and sometimes you will see one of these gorgeous gossips flitting through bustling Fleet Street like a bird of passage from a summer clime—

It's Spring-time in Fleet Street—a vision  
Of fashion goes merrily by,  
Begowned with the dainty precision  
That taste and a fortune supply.  
I know at a gaze she was costumed at Jay's,  
And rides in no 'buses or cars.  
You'd think from her silk she might sign "of that ilk"—  
But she only writes gossipy "pars."

A bird of most beautiful plumage  
Has left her luxurious nest,  
With all the parade and perfumage  
You find in the Park and the West.  
Deserting its land when it flies to the Strand  
(Where pipes take the place of cigars),  
It hastens to bring on its beautiful wing  
A sheaf of "Sassiety pars."

She chatters of "functions" and dances,  
She notes who was seen in the Park;  
She hints at approaching "romances,"  
But leaves you a bit in the dark.  
And half of her art is her *clichés* (like "smart"),  
Which are worse than the slang of the bars;  
But she's frequently met in the best sort of "set,"  
Through writing Society "pars."

She sits, you would think, by the pillow  
Of dowagers ailing, and dukes;  
She knows what they put in a will, oh  
(The law scarcely ever rebukes).  
She tells you that "Loo" is laid up with the "flu"—  
She pet-names our betters like tars—  
And a house is a "place" when she prates of His Grace  
In her string of Society "pars."

The world changes quicker and quicker,  
For Mercury once was a male;  
But ladies now take to the knicker,  
Except when they're under full-sail:  
And Mercury's sex has begun to perplex—  
It's no longer mannish, like Mars'.  
There are feminine airs on the editor's stairs,  
When you come to Society "pars."

So long ago as Feb. 6, 1847, the *Illustrated London News* foreshadowed the taximeter cab, when it published the illustration reproduced on this page. The "patent mile-index," as the "taxer" of that day was called, had just been invented and patented by a Mr. H. von Uster, of the College for Civil Engineers, Putney. The picture was accompanied by diagrams explaining the mechanism, which registered the mileage on two dials, one inside and one outside the cab. To avoid tampering with the dials, the ingenious inventor had arranged that, if the hands were improperly put backwards or forwards, they must simply be broken. The artist of fifty years ago showed himself an expert in cab-lore when he represented a lady confuting Jehu, for, on the recent introduction of the "taxer," it was generally pointed out that

ladies would be chiefly benefited by the machine, which would literally and figuratively shut cabby's mouth.

It will be a long time before such a figure in the World of Sport as the Duke of Beaufort appears on the scene. As long as sporting



THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT IN HIS ELEMENT.

Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W

literature lasts the "Badminton" will be a name to conjure with. Born in 1824, he had reigned as His Grace for forty-six years, and during that time he had taken the keenest interest in outdoor life.

The addition to the ornithological department of the Zoological Society's collection at Regent's Park of a male specimen of the Great Bustard (*Otis tarda*), though not by any means a new-comer in the Gardens, will recall to the minds of the older generations of naturalists the days when this handsome bird was comparatively common in many parts of the British Isles. Owing to the advance of cultivation, the increase of population, and other causes, the Great Bustard finally disappeared from this country about the year 1840. One of the most curious features of

the bird is the much-discussed "gular pouch," possessed only by the male, which is situated in the fore part of the neck, and the entrance to which is immediately beneath the tongue. This unique reservoir is capable of holding as much as two quarts of water, which, as with the camel, is kept in stock presumably for times of thirst. In a letter addressed to him in 1681, Sir Thomas Browne thus makes note of this peculiarity—

Yesterday I had a cock bustard sent mee from beyond Thetford. I never did see such a vast thick neck: the crop was pulled out, butt, as a turkey hath an odde large substance without, so had this within the inside of the skinn, and the strongest and largest neck bone of any bird in England.

That the slaughter among the rooks recommended by the various Farmers' and Agricultural Societies is going on is being made abundantly evident. Mr. John Riddell, Ruik, near Selkirk, reported the other day that the Crow Committee of the Farmers' Club for his district had fired off no less than 10,000 cartridges, killing 20,000 young crows and 350 old ones.



NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN: THE TAXIMETER FIFTY-TWO YEARS AGO.  
From the *Illustrated London News* of Feb. 6, 1847.

I saw a curious incident a few days ago which seems to show that the rabbit, like other wild creatures, has room in its brain for only one idea at a time. I was walking up a lane, with three dogs trotting in front; a smart little fox-terrier and a fat black cocker spaniel led the way side by side, and another very fat cocker waddled after them, about



A QUAIN SIGNBOARD DESIGNED BY THE BEGGARSTAFF BROTHERS FOR MR. LOUIS MEYER, OF PALL MALL.

ten paces in rear. A rabbit bolted out of the hedge just after the two dogs had passed, and, coming face to face with the very fat cocker, wheeled and dashed up the lane, passing the other two dogs so closely that the fox-terrier raced alongside poor bunny for half-a-dozen yards and caught him. The curious part of the business was that the rabbit, when bolting from the dog behind, almost ran into the two dogs in front, and, plainly, did not see them at all till it passed them and the fox-terrier gave chase. I suppose its thoughts and energies were centred on escape from the roly-poly dog, which, had the rabbit only known it, could have caught a swallow on the wing as soon as its frightened self.

I came, the other day, across a letter in a Glasgow paper which records a phenomenon much too unique to be reserved for Scottish consumption. The writer says—

An acquaintance of mine who lives up North has, among others of the feathered tribe, a little bantam cock. A few weeks ago he noticed that it was looking the worse of a slight difference of opinion with a canine friend, but did not examine it closely, till his mother and sisters' vociferations brought him in in a hurry. There was the bantam pecking away at corn, but the corn was dropping from a rent in the bird's chest just as fast as it was lifted. Not wanting to kill the bird, my friend got a needle and some horse-hair and stitched up the tear, with the result that the bird now is "as good as new."

Since the days when Baron Munchausen's horse drank water with its front half, I do not think anything has occurred in nature to compare with this chicken which made itself a sieve for corn.

An exact correspondent objects to a remark made in connection with the picture of the elephant shot by Mr. Harvey in *The Sketch* of April 26, as "there are no tigers in any part of Africa." I never imagined there were; but I believe most people are aware that the



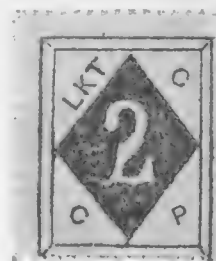
JAGGERS AND HIS AMERICAN CICERONE.  
Photo by Pack, New York.

leopard is commonly called the "tiger" in South Africa, having earned the more formidable title by the havoc it commits among cattle. It is, I grant the aforesaid exact correspondent, rather late in the day to discover a new species of elephant, as this specimen must be if it differ from the

examples in the Natural History Museum; the most conspicuous elephant in the South Kensington galleries represents the Indian species, and, doubtless, the writer of the paragraph had this in mind when he wrote the words.

The late Sir Rose Lambart Price had the curious experience, during his trip through the Rocky Mountains, of catching a trout and cooking it while it was still at the end of his line. It happened on the "Fire-Hole" River, so called on account of the geysers which occur along its banks. Sir Rose found one so close to the stream that, when he happened to hook a trout at that spot, he simply jerked it out of the cold water into the hot, and it was eaten ten minutes afterwards! Sir Rose had more than the average angler's respect for the veracities; and, indeed, the feat is a common enough one in that locality. The pastime seems a little cruel; but, as the water of the geyser is at boiling-point, that particular death is no worse for a trout than it is for the lobster of the kitchen.

Mr. William Quarrier, who may justly be designated "the George Müller of Scotland," has been engaged for well-nigh forty years in the self-chosen, philanthropic work of educating and caring for the orphan children in the northern kingdom. Without canvassing for a single farthing, something like £25,000 flows into Mr. Quarrier's exchequer annually. His large family of over a thousand children has been housed for a number of years at Bridge of Weir, and towards their education the Kilmaleolm School Board has charged Mr. Quarrier £750 for rates for the last five years. He now contends that the Board should undertake the education of the children, and their refusal to do so elicited some remarks in the House of Commons the other day. One morning lately Mr. Quarrier and his large family made personal application at the school-door. The children were conveyed in all the available carts in the district, and thoroughly enjoyed their outing, as they sang all the way on their journey to school, where the Clerk of the Board formally refused admission. Mr. Quarrier, whose practical means of benevolence have commended his work, rightly judges it unfair that the parish, which has not to pay a farthing for the education of his children, should want him "to pay for the education of the gentry of Kilmaleolm."



WEI-HAI-WEI STAMP.

The other week I facsimiled a specimen of Wei-Hai-Wei stamp. A correspondent now sends me two newer types of courier postage-stamps. Though still crude, they are a great improvement on the last issue. As before, couriers leave Wei-Hai-Wei twice a week to catch the English mail at Chefoo. The letters "L K T" stand for Leu-Kung-Tau, the name of the island. Wei-Hai-Wei itself is the mainland; all the shops, clubs, cricket-ground, &c., are on the island. "C" stands for Courier, and "P" for Post. My correspondent adds—

People must not run away with the idea that Wei-Hai-Wei is merely a sporting and yachting station. Already there is a suspicion of it being a second Klondyke. When boomed (that is, booms placed across the harbour), it will be a tough job for an enemy to force its way in.

Out of the hundred or so of novels written by the late Mrs. Oliphant, there is one named "Wallyford," after her birthplace near Musselburgh; but, according to her recently issued Autobiography, she really opened her eyes upon life in the village of Lasswade, where her people then lived. She has some distinct impressions of life and scenery on the banks of the North Esk there. That stream winds through the policies of Melville Castle, and through the grounds of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith, before reaching the Forth at Musselburgh. It is interesting to remember that Scott's first cottage after he was married still exists on the other side of the valley, a little higher up, presumably, than where the future novelist had her home. The cottage is partly thatched, and stands at a bend of the road towards Loanhead. Here the Tytlers came over from Woodhouselee to visit Scott, and found him admiring a rustic arch in front of his cottage, which he imagined was a triumph of gardening art. Mavis Bush, a little higher up on the banks of the Esk, became the residence of Thomas de Quincey about 1840. Here Mr. Fields, the American publisher, visited the "Opium Eater" and put a welcome cheque into Miss de Quincey's hand as part payment of the profits on the American edition of his works. So the whole banks of the Esk are redolent of literature and history, as witness Drummond of Hawthornden; Allan Ramsay, whose "Gentle Shepherd" has some of its scenes laid on the higher reaches of the stream; while Mr. S. R. Crockett, of Penicuik, bids fair to beat even Mrs. Oliphant's hundred volumes, so steady is his present output.

Some of my readers may have seen Jaggars escorting Durkin, of the United States, over London. Here is Jaggars being escorted by a messenger of the American District Telegraph Company, of New York. Jaggars's record has been surpassed by another District Messenger-boy, named Elsey, who was sent by Mr. H. McCalmont, M.P., to a ranche at Hanford, California, and who performed the journey of fourteen thousand five hundred miles in twenty-eight days. Elsey undertook this arduous trip at only two hours' notice, and succeeded in beating the mails by no less than twelve hours.





MISS LYDIA FLOPP.

*Miss Flopp, pictured here by Mr. Alfred Ellis, is now playing the part of one of the daughters of Brutus (with an American accent) in "Great Caesar," at the Comedy Theatre. She is the sister of Miss Letty Lind, Miss Millie Hylton, and Mrs. George Grossmith junior.*

Here is a varied kennel, if you like—Chows, a Thibet mastiff, the dear old British bulldog, and so on. The picture of Roy, the Thibetan mastiff, comes to me from Simla. He is devoted to his small

be forbidden; no person under fourteen years of age may be placed in charge of a "dog-cart"; the weight of the load is to be proportioned to the strength of the team; and, among adults, only cripples may be



THE HON. MRS. F. BARING'S CHOWS.



A THIBET MASTIFF AND HIS MISTRESS.

mistress, who is not yet three years old, and he will not allow anyone to touch her while he is "in charge." Though not very good-tempered with other people, Roy allows this small lady to ride on his back—in fact, he is her most devoted slave.

I may note that a new edition of Mr. Rawdon Lee's "History and Description of the [Non-Sporting] Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland" has been issued by Mr. Horace Cox. The pictures, by Mr. Arthur Wardle and Mr. R. H. Moore, are excellently reproduced, and the book makes a very handsome volume that should be welcomed by all dog-lovers.

Another new edition I have received is that of Mr. Rowland Ward's "Records of Big Game." This, it is scarcely necessary to say, has become a standard book, and is of first-rate importance—indeed, it may be said to be indispensable—as a work of constant reference to all sportsmen.

So the City Fathers of Antwerp are considering regulations for the control of the employers of cart-dogs. The measures proposed are distinguished for the most part by humanity and good sense, and I hope will be carried into effect. The use of weak, lame, or vicious dogs is to

carried in a cart. The clause which challenges criticism is the one which makes the minimum height of a harness-dog twenty inches at the shoulder. There are leggy mongrels over that height which are hardly fit to draw a doll's perambulator, while I have seen in France sturdy tykes of eighteen inches or less race away with twelve stone of humanity in a properly balanced cart. The weight of a dog, not his height, is the proper measure of his draught capacity.

It is just sixty years since the use of harness-dogs in London was made illegal; their use continued in the provinces until 1854, when another Act was passed to put an end to dog-draught. It was said at the time, by the opponents of the Bill, that it would deprive ten thousand families of their means of livelihood, and cost twenty

thousand dogs their lives. That the suppression of dog-draught did cause a good deal of hardship cannot be questioned, particularly among cripples and travelling pedlars, whose means did not allow them to purchase any other kind of draught-animal; and whether the amount of cruelty involved justified abolition of the practice is still questioned by those who know the capabilities of the harness-dogs of France, Belgium, and Switzerland.



MASTER JOHN BULL.



RODNEY STONE.



"THE BEST OF PALS": BEING THE PETS OF MRS. WILFRED WATKINS.

From Photographs by Norman May and Co., Torquay.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## DR. DOUGLAS HYDE'S NEW BOOK.\*

For the last ten years Dr. Douglas Hyde has been before the public as a Gaelic scholar, a literary critic, a poet, and an Irish enthusiast—an enthusiast for the literature, language, and hereditary ideals of his native country. To his three degrees, his several gold medals and Trinity College prizes and other scholarships (and, as an undergraduate, Douglas Hyde gained First Honours in Modern Literature, German, French, Italian, and Celtic), he added other honours while he was still hesitating as to what direction to shape his career. Probably few of his friends know that he passed the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity (at which examination he gained a special extra prize), and that for a year he acted as Professor of Modern Languages in the State University of New Brunswick. Young as he was, Douglas Hyde was, in 1889, elected a Life Member of the Royal Irish Academy. It was in this year that he published his first book, the "Leabhar Sgeuluigeachta," a volume of valuable and interesting survival-tales in Irish, with notes.

This book at once gave him a recognised place among the then small band of Celtic students, and won him the ready welcome of the leading Celticists in England, France, and Germany. In 1890 he published his well-known "Beside the Fire: Folk-Lore of the Irish Celts," and two years later had the pleasure of seeing his first book translated into French. In 1894 Mr. Hyde collected and translated "The Love-Songs of Connacht," which has gone through two editions, and is the delight of every student of Celtic literature. Since then he has published a useful and popular "Story of Early Gaelic Literature," and his delightful verse-rendering of "The Three Sorrows of Story-Telling." Besides this, he has written pamphlets, essays, and articles of a specialistic nature, and has had a remarkable influence in the Gaelic League and the extension of public interest in Gaelic studies, in the preservation of Gaelic legendary and other folk-lore, and in the conservation of Irish as a living speech. His "Religious Songs of Connacht," a volume of about five hundred pages, is now in the press; as also an interesting collection of Irish folk-stories, with Irish text, translated into French, "Contes Irlandais," which will be about four hundred pages.

Amid all this work, and many engrossing avocations, Dr. Douglas Hyde has been able to write this "Literary History of Ireland"—a book of over five hundred and fifty closely printed pages. An adequate history has long been wanted, and probably there is none who could have done it at once so thoroughly, so trustworthily, and so persuasively.

Despite its great length, it is a model of its kind. Dr. Hyde knows his vast and complicated subject as few can know it, and his literary craft has enabled him to make even the most specialistic chapters generally interesting. Properly, his book is a record, not of Literary Ireland, but of Celtic Ireland, for he deals only with that literature which is in Gaelic. There is no mention of any of the numerous Anglo-Irish writers of to-day, nor of that brilliant company of an earlier day which included Swift and Goldsmith and Sheridan. There is enough, and more than enough, for him, in Irish literature proper, the expression of the Irish genius in the vernacular. To such an one as Dr. Hyde, there must be infinite sadness in the knowledge that this beautiful and unique language of the Gael is steadily ebbing from Ireland, and that in a few years even the peasants in Donegal, Connemara, and Clare will know it no more. But there is still a chance to arrest this disappearance, and in any case there is every hope of immensely extending the study of the treasures of Gaelic literature and folk-lore, and to this Dr. Hyde has pledged his best energies.

In these forty-four chapters, from "Who Were the Celts?" down to the serious educational problem involved in the School Board Anglicisation of Gaelic-speaking children, Dr. Hyde has provided a great store of entertainment for all to whom the subject has any appeal.

There is not a dull page in his book. In the difficult matter of excerpt he has acted with great discretion, quoting freely and aptly where quotation is desirable, but never quoting for padding, or merely because of personal interest, or from a few specialists. Let the reader turn, for example, to the scholarly chapter on the Pagan Element in Irish Literature; here, amid much to inform, he will find entertainment as delightful (and suggestive, for the Ireland of remote days was singularly like the Ireland of to-day in certain national characteristics) as the narrative of "the big fight" between Finn McCool and that Ajax of the ancient Fenians, Goll. Dr. Hyde's version of this bardically historic conflict between Goll and Finn MacCúmhail is translated from a manuscript in his possession made in 1763 by one Patrick O'Pronty, whom, it is interesting to hear, Dr. Hyde believes to have been an ancestor of Charlotte Brontë. It is in the portion of the book which follows this chapter that most readers will take the greater pleasure, for in the middle section of his "Literary History" the author occupies about a hundred and forty pages in a fascinating exposition of the Bardic Schools, the Mythological Cycle, the Early Sagas and Romances, the Red Branch Cycle, the Ossianic (Fenian) Cycle, and the later Romances.

I remember a story to the effect that a Trinity College Professor asked another, "What is the Irish language?"—to which the other replied, "A mausoleum of shockingly spelt adjectives." That there was some truth in the rejoinder about the "shocking spelling" will come home to all who have attempted to learn Gaelic; and a passage of literal translation such as the following (from the Saga of the Battle of Moy Léana) goes to substantiate the adjectival accusation—

Then that vindictive, unmerciful host went forward to the harbours and ports where their vessels and their sailing-ships awaited them; and they launched their terrible, wonderful monsters, their black, dangerous, many-coloured ships, their smooth, proper-sided, steady, powerful scuds, and their cunningly-stitched *laoidheangs* from their beds and from their cavernous, full-smooth places, out of the cool, clear, winding creeks of the coast, and from the calm, quiet, well-shaped, broad-headed harbours. And there were placed upon every swift-going ship of them free and accurately arranged tiers of fully-smoothed, long-bladed oars, and they made a harmonious, united, co-operating, thick-framed, eager-springing, unhesitating, constant-going rowing against currents and wild tempests, so that loud, haughty, broad-minded were the responses of the stout, fierce-fronted, sportive-topped billows in conversing with the scuds and beautiful prows. The dark, impetuous, proud, ardent waters became as white-streaked, fierce-rolling, languid-fatigued *Leibhiona*, upon which to cast the white-flanked, slippery, thick, straight-swimming salmon, among the dark-prowling, foamy-tracked heads from off the brown oars.

If this reflects the extreme and exuberant nature of the Celt, one has

never far to go in Gaelic literature to find a reflection of the chivalrous and nobler side. The note of true knightlihood, for instance, is in the four *geasa* (taboos) laid upon the Finian brotherhood—three of which were, to choose a wife only for good manners and virtues, and not for her "portion"; never to offer violence to a woman; and never to give way before less than ten champions.

In this fascinating, long-awaited, and now most welcome book, Dr. Douglas Hyde gives us a mirror in which we may see the genius of the race to which he belongs, and of the language and literature of which he is so justly proud.

WILLIAM SHARP.

## THE DORICHA OF SAPPHO.

FROM POSIDIPPUS.

Doricha, thy bones are dust, long ago and long ago—  
Dust the ribbon that confined from the wind thy tresses' flow—  
Dust to dust the glittering raiment in whose unguent-scented fold  
Fair Choraxus to the blossom of thy bosom thou didst hold,  
Singing to him, clinging to him, till the radiant dawn uprolled.

Yet in Sappho's sovran strain thou shalt glow and glow again,  
Long as Naucratis shall keep, long as ships of Hellas sweep  
Southward, many and many a mile, to the still lagoons of Nile.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.



DR. HYDE.

Photo by Werner, Dublin.

\* "A Literary History of Ireland, From the Earliest Times to the Present Day." By Douglas Hyde, LL.D., &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

## "TO THE QUEEN—OVER THE WATER!"

If it were not for the law, what a different country would England be! If the hereditary principle of kingship were inviolable, the matron who is now wife of the Prince Regent of Bavaria would reign over us as Mary IV., for she is descended from Charles I., whereas Victoria (*Regina*) comes only from his sister, Elizabeth, the pathetic "Queen of Hearts." The People at a critical moment blew hereditary principle into atoms, but there are still some enthusiasts among us collecting the broken fragments.



THE COUNTESS RACHEL MOYRA DE RUVIGNY.

Photo by Gootlein, Auerley Road, S.E.

These are pieced together with care and ingenuity by the Marquis de Ruvigny and Mr. Cranstoun Metcalfe in a fascinating book of reference called "The Legitimist Kalendar," which Messrs. A. D. Innes have just issued at five shillings. You get a complete list of the hereditary monarchs of the world; one valuable part (to be got elsewhere only in "The Almanach de Gotha") being a list of the Princes of the Holy Roman Empire. But the marvel of the "Kalendar" this year is a complete list of the descendants of Mary Queen of Scots now alive. They number 1172 people, having between them 7534 claims to the throne.

No fewer than 617 people (including her Majesty's great-grandson, Prince Carol of Roumania) have a better (hereditary) right to the throne than Queen Victoria, and it is noted that every Crowned Head in Europe, with the exception of the Kings of Norway and Serbia, and the Princes of Montenegro and Monaco, is descended from Mary Queen of Scots.

The senior editor of the "Kalendar"—Melville Amadeus Henry Douglas Heddle de La Caillemotte de Massue de Ruvigny, ninth Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval in the Peerage of France, and of 20, Ruvigny Gardens, S.W.—is, in spite of his foreign name, a Britisher out-and-out. The family, which became naturalised in England in 1681, made its first entrance into this country in 1634, when Rachel de Ruvigny, daughter of Daniel de Massue, Baron de Ruvigny, was married to Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Her own house claimed descent from Gilles, the younger son of Hugh, Seigneur de Lusignan, who was killed in the Crusades in 1102. The honours of the family run thus: They got the Barony of Raineval before 1080, the Barony of Ruvigny about 1524, the Barony of La Caillemotte about 1598, the Marquisate of Raineval in 1652, the Viscounty of Ruvigny in 1637, and they were made Counts of La Caillemotte in 1651. The Countess of Southampton was a great beauty at the Court of Charles I., as Vandyck's portrait of her (now at Althorp) still shows. Her daughter was the famous Rachel Lady Russell, who often wrote of "Uncle Ruvigny," that being the Marquis who led the Huguenots, and who settled in England in 1685.

Since those days the family has fought and died for England. The Marquis's second son, the Count de La Caillemotte, was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, and his eldest son was created Earl of Galway, was three times Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and was Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Spain and Portugal during the War of Succession. He died without issue, but the Ruvigny family did not forsake England, for the Earl was succeeded by his nephew Peter, whose brothers, Francis, Gabriel, Louis, and Henry, were all in the British Army. Gabriel's only son, Francis, was killed as a Colonel in our Artillery at the storming of Grenada, and his two nephews died for us, one at Port-au-Prince and the other while fighting the French. There is a subtle irony in the fact that Francis de Ruvigny, who was killed at Grenada, actually saved the life of Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, in 1795. The Duke, then Prince Edward, was returning to the lines after the capture of St. Lucia in 1795, all begrimed with powder and smoke, when some of our men mistook him for one of the enemy. Ruvigny sprang forward in the nick of time, and struck up the levelled rifles. I need hardly say that but for his action there would have been no Victoria on the throne to-day. The Duke never forgot his protector, for he saw that his three sons were given commissions in our Army. One of these (who fought with us in the Peninsula) left a son, Charles, who served through the Burmese, Kaffir, and Ashanti Wars. The editor of the "Legitimist Kalendar" is his eldest son. The Marquis—I need hardly say his name is not given in "Burke" or "Debrett"—has some Scotch blood in his veins. He married Miss Rose Gaminara, of Tumaco. They have two children, a boy (the Count of La Caillemotte), and the Countess Rachel, whose picture I give here.

J. M. B.

## PEACE DIPLOMACY AT THE HAGUE.

We may rub our eyes at the choice of The Hague to be this week the rendezvous of delegates from all Sovereign States of Europe, Asia, and America, possessing armies and navies, professing the unanimous wish never more to use those mighty instruments of mischief. For The Hague, in its time, long before the French Revolution, and even before Prussia and Russia became formidable Powers, heard a good deal of optimist political philosophy discussed by courtly Envoys of foreign Royalty, and of what was styled the Roman Empire, which was, in fact, the Austrian Monarchy, presiding over some German Princeloms, while Sweden and Denmark shared in the fortunes of Northern Germany.

The learned, polite, extremely punctilious official representatives of diverse Sovereignities, gorgeously and portentously attired in purple or crimson velvet, lace frills, big flowing wigs, golden coat-buttons and shoe-buckles, with a jewelled snuff-box in the hand, travelled in their coaches-and-six, a train of luggage and servants behind, an escort of troopers in front, all the way to Holland. They came together, apparently, for the purpose of delivering Latin orations to each other, and subsequently, in private *tête-à-tête* conversation, telling each other that they really meant something quite different. A Dutch town, The Hague or another, was preferable for such occasional international markets—nay, they never spoke or thought of nations, but of Courts and the wearers or claimants of Crowns—bargaining for political or military aid in schemes for the transfer of provinces, with great revenues, belonging, perhaps, to the ancient Duchy of Burgundy or that of Lorraine, or to Prince-Bishoprics of the Rhineland, or in Italy, or elsewhere. For the personal comfort, dignity, and even safety, of the grand Special Ambassadors or Envoys, whenever any one of them quarrelled with some other, as they did almost weekly in a sojourn of many months, could not be secure in any other country of Europe. Their servants would fight with swords in the street, and the obnoxious representative even of France or Spain, of the Emperor, or either of "the Northern Powers," would be grievously insulted by an opposing party. But the wisdom of citizen rulers, plain merchants, lawyers, and a few titled landlords, composing Dutch government, both municipal and that of the Seven United Provinces of their small but wealthy Republic, kept such good order in times of peace, and received foreign visitors with such magnificent hospitality, while the Republic, after 1648, maintained a policy so just and friendly to all its neighbours, to France and Germany and Spain, until wantonly attacked by Louis XIV., that a diplomatist who felt like a man of honour would go willingly to The Hague.

And it is, in these days, a pleasant meeting-place for these gentlemen commissioned by all the enthroned or simple elected rulers of the civilised world to debate methods of living at peace with one another, and of safely limiting their warlike expenses. With a population hardly equal to Edinburgh, the upper classes mostly in the Government service, or retired from it, civil, military, judicial, or colonial, or practising lawyers, doctors, artists, or fairly rich merchants and planters from Java or the West Indies, The Hague is the abode of a refined society, quietly elegant rather than fashionable; and the northern quarters, at least, where those inhabitants live, present an aspect of trim and orderly leisure. The streets here are laid out, unlike other Dutch cities, with much regularity, crossing each other at right angles, and not intercepted by the few canals, which are both useful and ornamental, their banks formed with agreeable avenues of trees. Near the centre, the whole city being a mile and a-half long, is the large artificial basin of clear water called the Vijver, constructed for a fish-pond when The Hague was, as its name denotes, a fenced park, with a hunting-lodge, for the old Counts of Holland. On the south bank of this water stands the Binnenhof, or Inner Court, with stately buildings of brick, decorated in stone, which contain the halls of the States-General, or Parliament, the "Erste Kamer," or Upper House, and the "Tweede," or Second, their House of Commons; as well as the offices of part of the Ministries of State. In the middle of these is a high-roofed, gable-fronted edifice, with a circular window, and flanking small round turrets, all of brick, which is so old as the thirteenth century, being the "Ridderzaal," or Knights' Hall of the feudal period; this is the Westminster Hall of the capital of Holland. Scarcely anything at The Hague seems to affect one with the impressive feeling of great antiquity; the "Groote Kerk," to be sure, is of late Gothic style, but not grand or venerable to look at; the Town Hall shows the decorative capabilities of brick-and-stone architecture with handsome proportions. Picturesque quaintness of design is comparatively absent in this modern-looking city; its best effects, on the Plaats and Vijverberg, in the Kneuterdijk and the Voorhout, are produced by fine ranges of first-class town mansions facing broad avenues of thriving trees. Monuments with bronze statues of the illustrious Princes of Orange-Nassau and recent Netherlands Kings adorn several open spaces; the best work of sculpture is an equestrian figure of William I., the Deliverer from Spanish tyranny, in front of the open forecourt of the unpretentious Royal Palace. After all, the great charm of The Hague is in its unique possession of genuine sylvan scenery, in the delightful woodlands, close around the very town on its eastern, northern, and north-western sides, and in its vicinity to the open sea. Twenty minutes by tram-car will bring you either to the shady verdure of a forest or to the sunny brightness of an ocean shore. Amidst the former, embowered in sweet groves of new May foliage, now cheered with vocal music of innumerable birds, the fair royal villa, the Huis ten Bosch, is opened by young Queen Wilhelmina to the World's Delegated Councillors of Peace.



REAL PICCANINNIES AT PLAY.



## CENCI-DAY.

## FIRST PERFORMANCE OF SHELLEY'S GREAT TRAGEDY.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

The production of "The Cenci," for the first time on any stage, took place on May 7, 1886. The event may be said to have been an era in the literary history of the century, and the Shelley Society were rewarded with high praise and warm thanks for having given the world an opportunity of seeing the play under such conditions as Shelley himself would have desired for it. For "The Cenci" was written with an absolute view to theatric presentation, and, had the poet's own wishes been carried out, it would have been produced during his lifetime, with Miss O'Neil in the part of Beatrice. In working out his conception Shelley had profoundly studied both the æsthetics and the ethics of dramatic art. From the one point of view, he tells us that in a dramatic composition the imagery and the passion should interpenetrate one another, the former being reserved simply for the full development and illustration of the latter, and imagination being as the immortal God, which should assume flesh for the redemption of mortal passion; while, from the other standpoint, he says that the highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself, in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant, and kind. More suggestive words on art or morals have seldom been uttered, and they are sufficient in themselves to prove how seriously Shelley took the work of tragedy-writing, even if, independently of them, we did not already know that he was as profound and loving a student of Sophocles as he was of Shakspeare. That "The Cenci" was conceived and executed under the joint influence of these two great predecessors, few will be found to deny, and, for my part, I have always considered that, of the two, the more deeply lying and vital influence was the Greek's rather than the Englishman's. Whether that be so or no, here on May 7, 1886, was this "tremendous tragic vision" more than sixty years old, and still unacted. Through all these decades it had been known to Shelley-lovers, through the medium of paper and print, as a masterpiece of English literature; but as this only. The year 1886 saw the birth of the Shelley Society, and one of its earliest and most natural consequences was the production of "The Cenci." The performance took place in the afternoon at the Grand Theatre, Islington, in the presence of an audience (of nearly three thousand persons) representing both the intellectual *élite* of the time and the ordinary playgoing public in all its variety. Among those assembled were Robert Browning (whose birthday it interestingly happened to be), George Meredith, J. Russell Lowell, Sir Percy and Lady Shelley, Sir (then Mr.) Augustus Harris, Mrs. Dallas-Glyn (who in her youth had herself had visions of playing Beatrice), and countless other significant and notable people for whose names I have not space at command. Though the performance lasted four hours, it was, from beginning to end, followed

with breathless interest and close attention by the crowded house. The professional critics, while generally admitting the enormous tragic power at Shelley's command, were (except for a small minority) of opinion that the play was unsuitable for representation on the English stage, under, at any rate, its existing conditions. About the success of that special first and (so far) last performance there was no difference of opinion.

The Count Cenci of Mr. Hermann Vezin was declared to be his most remarkable success in the course of a long and honourable career, and all authorities seemed at one as to his impersonation being of the highest merit. There were points at which he thoroughly electrified



A LOCK OF SHELLEY'S HAIR.

Presented by Lady Shelley to Miss Alma Murray.

the audience, and in his delivery of the great curse, in the fourth Act, he displayed powers of declamation which no living English actor could rival. At the close of this scene, shouts of admiration (I well remember) rose from all parts of the house. Loud and long, too (I equally well remember), was the applause that time after time greeted Miss Alma Murray's Beatrice. It would not be too much to assert that never have

critics, when dealing with an actress in a *truly great tragic part*, been so unanimous and unqualified in their praise as they showed themselves on the subject of this lady's performance. In addition to this, she received from Robert Browning, on the day following the production, a letter in which he spoke of Beatrice Cenci as "that most difficult of all conceivable characters to personate," and of Miss Murray as "the Poetic Actress without a rival." Sir Percy and Lady Shelley also were prompt in expressing their admiration of her performance and their gratitude for the service she had rendered to the memory of the "beloved" poet whose name they bore, and, a week or two later, Lady Shelley presented her with a locket (the subject of the illustrations) bearing, in front, a miniature copy of Guido's portrait of Beatrice, and enclosing, at the back, a portion of the single lock of Shelley's hair which she possessed, and of which, up to that time, she had never parted with a single particle to anyone.

At the close of the play each actor and actress received the loudly expressed thanks of the delighted audience, the shouts increasing in volume and the waved handkerchiefs in number as Mr. Outram (the Orsino), Mr. Farren junior (the Camillo), and Miss Brennan (the Lucretia), and others, passed before the curtain. The enthusiasm reached its climax on Miss Murray's appearance in the simple, solemn, and most becoming "execution" dress of the last scene, the whole audience rising to their feet with deafening cheers. There were (again, I remember) loud calls for Mr. Vezin; but he, it was announced from the stage, having "finished" in the fourth Act, had already left the theatre. Such are my recollections of this unique and notable event. It has been somewhere said that "a great tragedy greatly acted is man's sole complete, if but momentary, victory over the tyrannic conditions of his earthly existence." Whether this really be the case or not, I will not pause now to consider, but will merely add, for my own part, that, after a long and varied experience of playgoing, I can recall no more convincing argument in favour of the text quoted than the Shelley Society's production of "The Cenci."

M. S. S.

## A DANCING-GIRL.

Dark daughter of a dancing race,  
How do you weave your secret spells?  
Song cannot show with what strange grace  
You lightly lift your frock of lace,  
Sewn thick with little silver bells.

You hold us with your haunting eyes . . .  
And in your hair so soft and long  
Our souls are snared: yet, we are wise,  
We know you through your gay disguise—  
You are a witch-girl weird and strong!

A pagan creature, with the grace  
Of the lost childhood of the world. . . .  
And in your pale, fantastic face,  
And in your smile we seem to trace,  
The fairy, with its bright wings furled!

A water-nymph you may have been,  
With heavy lilies in your hair . . .  
Or mermaid swinging in the green  
Deep sea . . . or dryad stretched unseen  
Among frail leaves and blossoms fair. . . .

Now, from a lighted stage you glance,  
Smiling, O Sorecress unknown!  
And we who watch you in a trance,  
Enchanted by your mystic dance,  
Forget how sad the world has grown. . . .

OLIVE CUSTANCE.



## THE REALITY OF KIPLING'S POEM, "THE LAST SUTTEE."

In his poem, "The Last Suttee," Rudyard Kipling has sung of the "Boondi Queen" who hungered for "the death she might not share" on the funeral pyre of her deceased lord because it had been interdicted by the Great Sirkar. He has also described in prose, from a personal visit, the wild beauty of the home of her birth in a roadless land of hills and forests. She came of the stock represented by the late and present chiefs. Go back one generation farther, and you find that the little boy's great-grandfather was the Rao Raja Bishen Singh, who joined hands with the British power in 1817, when Bundi was in sore straits, for the Mahratta flag waved in unison with her own within the walls of the capital, while the revenues collected scarcely afforded the means of personal protection to its Prince. He has been described thus—

He was an honest man, and every inch a Rajput. Under an unpolished exterior he concealed an excellent heart and an energetic soul; he was by no means deficient in understanding, and possessed a thorough knowledge of his own interests. When the Mahrattas gradually curtailed his revenues, and circumscribed his power and comforts, he seemed to delight in showing how easily he could dispense with unessential enjoyments, and found in the pleasures of the chase the only stimulus befitting a Rajput. He would bivouac for days in the lion's lair, nor quit the scene until he had circumvented the forest's king, the only prey he deemed worthy of his skill. He had slain upwards of one hundred lions (there are no lions in Bundi to-day) with his own hand, besides many tigers, and boars innumerable had been victims to his lance. In this noble pastime, not exempt from danger, and pleasurable in proportion to the toil, he had a limb broken, which crippled him for life, and shortened his stature, previously below the common standard. But when he mounted his steed and waved his lance over his head, there was a masculine vigour and dignity which at once evinced that Bishen Singh



INDAR SINGH, THE FUTURE CHIEF OF BUNDI.

would have wielded his weapon as worthily in our cause as did his glorious ancestors for Jehangir or Shah Allum. He was somewhat despotic in his own little empire, knowing that fear is a necessary incentive to respect in the governed, more especially among the Civil Servants of his Government. The Raja had a reserve fund, to which his Chancellor of the Exchequer was required to add a hundred rupees daily, and whatever plea the minister might advance for the neglect of other duties, on this point none would be listened to, or the appeal to *Indrajit* was threatened. "The conqueror of Indra" was no superior divinity, but a shoe of superhuman size suspended from a peg, where a more classic prince would have exhibited his rod of empire. But he reserved this for his Barons, and the shoe thus misnamed was the humiliating corrective for an offending minister.

His son, the Rao Raja Ram Singh, who succeeded to the gadi in 1821, was wont in the last year of his life, 1888, to pride himself on having reigned longer than any Sovereign, past or present. He preferred transit duties and fixed tariffs to free trade and metalled roads, and was blind to the advantages of schools, vaccination, and other paraphernalia of modern civilisation. The Rajput, who swears by sword and shield, time-honoured emblems of his race and faith, together with the few British officers who had an opportunity of knowing this old Chief of the Haras, who never left his kingdom, nor wished to make it accessible to strangers, still hold

in respect and admiration his manly character and frank sincerity. It is too early to pass judgment on his son, the present chief, whose photograph in full Durbar-dress does not include the shield represented in Ram Singh's, though one might easily fancy from it that the race which produced Kipling's "Boondi Queen" has not lost its ancient characteristics.



RAO RAJA RAM SINGH, THE LATE CHIEF OF BUNDI.



MAHARAO RAJA RAGHABII SINGH, THE PRESENT CHIEF OF BUNDI.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Mr. W. G. Hooper's "Calling the Cows" was exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and is reproduced herewith. It has vitality and spirit, qualities which must always endow a picture with engrossing interest.

Now that the excitement that invariably follows the opening of the Academy has died down, one may be permitted to say that, regarding the matter quite calmly, it is quite the dullest show that Burlington House has provided for the public for many a long year. The extraordinary purchases made by the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest alone prove that fact. Of these, the most reasonable is, of course, that of Mr. Wyllie's "Battle of Trafalgar," which has a certain grandeur of lighting, and has one passage of great cleverness in the tangle of wreck that lies to the left of the canvas. Why Mr. Tuke, who sends the most brilliant picture by far of the year, should have been passed by is a mystery which one does not pretend to fathom.

No big reputations have been made, and none, one would say, has been lost. Mr. Byam Shaw's "Love the Conqueror" will doubtless be the picture most discussed, if only by reason of the interest which everybody takes in picking out the identity of the various people in that amazing procession. It is amusing to stand with the groups that crowd round this work and to mark how often a man will tell his neighbour that there stalks Henry VIII. Some have been known to doubt if a certain figure were Beethoven or Goethe; and, for my part, though I have been credibly informed that an ecclesiastic in the background is Dean Swift, I am persuaded that it is really Bishop Atterbury. To such a point has Mr. Byam Shaw reduced "art" criticism.

Baron A. von Rosenkrantz is a painter of more than average imagination and thoughtfulness. The other day I reproduced in these



CALLING THE COWS HOME.—BY W. G. HOOPER.  
*Exhibited at the Crystal Palace.*

columns his "Belle Dame sans Merci," and to-day is given his "Cupid and Psyche." There may be a difference of opinion on the subject of Cupid's somewhat overgrown and extremely masculine appearance; but the idea is charming and attractive.

Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar is going to open the Amateur Art Exhibition at Cromwell House to-morrow, at three o'clock. The Exhibition will be opened on Friday by Mrs. Choate, and closes on Saturday evening.

Whatever the artistic value of the pictures exhibited this year in the Paris Salons may be, one feature is very striking, and that is the extraordinary number of prominent exhibitors whose names betray an English, or, at any rate, an Anglo-Saxon origin. A similar remark might, it is true, have been made with more or less foundation any time these last few years, but on this occasion it "jumps into the eyes," as they say on the other side of the Channel. One can almost understand that there should be just a pang of bitterness felt in Paris at this wholesale invasion by the foreigner of one of the most jealously guarded domains.

The worst of it is, too, that discerning French critics are citing the methods of the intruders as models to be imitated by those who have looked upon themselves, hitherto, as the lawgivers for the universe on the subject. "Where will the audacity of this terrible man from the North stop?" is the wail. "We could put up with him beating us at his barbarous games without our pride being too much shocked, but it is clear he is going to attack us now all along the line."

A very good reproduction of Sir Henry Raeburn's famous picture of Sir Walter Scott is presented as a premium with a year's subscription to the "Open Court," which Messrs. Kegan Paul publish.



CUPID AND PSYCHE.—BY BARON A. VON ROSENKRANTZ.

"Rise, Psyche, and be mine for evermore, for Evil is long tarrying on this shore."—WILLIAM MORRIS'S "EARTHLY PARADISE."





ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, Bart., G.C.B., COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, PORTSMOUTH.

*Presentation Portrait to Admiralty House, Portsmouth, from Officers of Her Majesty's Navy who have served under him.*

PAINTED BY MISS MARY E. LEVESON, VICTORIA STREET, S.W.

## WHY I LEFT THE INSTITUTE OF JOURNALISTS.

BY ALEXANDER PAUL.

The Editor of *The Sketch* invites me to explain why I left the Institute of Journalists. Thereby hangs a tale, as I suppose he knows, of an acute division of opinion in journalistic ranks on what is known among members of the Institute as the "Outside Aid Question." There is no personal issue, and therefore I hope it is not presumptuous on my part to accept the invitation.



MR. ALEXANDER PAUL.

Photo by Falk, Baker Street, W.

The Institute is in possession of a Royal Charter. It comes before the public periodically as representing with some degree of authority what now claims to be the profession of journalism. The controversy to which I refer has to do with the relations of the Press and the public, and I rather think it is due to the members of that profession, both inside and outside the Institute, that the division of opinion upon the question of those relations should be understood, so that the degree of professional authority which the Institute has behind it in its present policy should not be overestimated.

I remember that, soon after I began daily newspaper work, a candidate for a Parliamentary constituency in Lancashire resented some editorial criticism. He retorted publicly with a compassionate reference to the

necessities of newspaper scribes, for whose benefit in the days of their distress, or for the benefit of whose widows and children, he said he cheerfully contributed to the Newspaper Press Fund. The candidate was sharply called to account by the management of that Fund, and the journalists were for the moment amply vindicated. But the incident taught some of us the lesson that charity-appeals to public men on behalf of the Press are not quite on the same footing as similar appeals on behalf of societies of actors, musicians, or commercial travellers.

It bears upon my subject to say that the same lesson is often taught us. Not long ago an organised body of actors had a quarrel with a distinguished dramatic critic. The quarrel was somehow settled before the adjourned meeting of the actors at which the dramatic critic was to receive whatever public mark of their displeasure they had in store for him. There was, however, at one moment a probability that the Institute of Journalists would have to intervene as a professional organisation to see fair play between another professional body and the dramatic critic as one of the Institute's members. It is easy to see that for such a duty any professional organisation would be better equipped if it owed no sense of favour to the actors as a body, or to any of their leaders, however distinguished. Again, not long ago there came the Hooley crash and the subsequent revelations. We all remember the baseless charges of blackmailing levelled at the London Press. It does not want pointing out that, if any corporation of journalists had been the recipient of Mr. Hooley's patronage and presents, the position of that corporation would have been more awkward and much less easily defensible than the position of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's in respect of the famous gold Communion service.

The reader will understand that there are especially good reasons why journalists who want to preserve and increase the influence of the Press, and to win the highest respect for their calling, shrink from the multiplication of occasions for begging on behalf of themselves and their colleagues. The dream of many of the early adherents of the Institute of Journalists, if not the actual design of my old Lancashire colleagues who founded it, certainly was that the only charity we should cultivate (in an organisation for professional purposes) should be charity to one another, that we should strive to make our profession more and more respected by increasing our own independence, that we should have a Provident Fund on a self-supporting basis, and that one fine day we, or our early successors, should be able to say to the Newspaper Press Fund, with the irresistible voice of a united profession, that these public appeals for charity might be stopped without danger to the unfortunate in our ranks, of whom we ourselves could take charge. A Provident Fund in the early days of the Institute was impossible, our membership being too small. That was obviously a reason for devoting ourselves to the completion of our organisation upon lines which promised most success, not for weakening our chances of success by abandoning the ideal just described and founding new charities not on strictly self-supporting lines. Such an abandonment was bound to prejudice the success of the Institute as a professional organisation, by its tendency to alienate those who cherished the ideal, and by offending those who, being attached to the Newspaper Press Fund, would object to a competing charity in the same profession. Upon these perfectly legitimate, and even creditable, grounds, a large party in the Institute at first regretted the hurry of the Institute to establish an Orphan Fund, but afterwards loyally accepted the decision

of the majority to have one, upon the condition that it should be independent of Outside Aid and should thus be capable of defence by those holding the opinions I have described. It has not tended to improve the prospects of uniting the profession inside the Institute that the position I have tried to make clear has been persistently misrepresented by the original promoters of the Orphan Fund, and that the views I have urged can even now be advocated only by those who hold them under the penalty of reprobation as people wanting in natural sympathy for the widow and the fatherless. The principle of self-reliance in the administration of the Orphan Fund was fought for upon its establishment, and has been for years substantially maintained; but it was ambiguously and inadequately asserted in what is known as the Edinburgh Resolution. From 1892 until the Conference at Nottingham in the autumn of last year there has been a continuous struggle on the one hand for the relaxation, on the other for the stricter assertion, of the principle that, if the Institute maintains an Orphan Fund at all, it should do so by its own contributions—not by the charity of proxies.

The controversy has not favoured the progress of the Institute; but, among the new members who have come in, some have been too easily caught by cheap appeals to their sympathies for the widow and the orphan; and some have believed what they are not too scrupulously told—that at the root of this controversy is the rivalry of the Newspaper Press Fund and the jealousy of its members. I have shown how far and in what sense the opposition to outside aid in the Institute of Journalists is favourable to the Newspaper Press Fund; and how we welcomed with joy the formation of an Institute which would leave the Press Fund to its comparatively dignified functions as almoner between the public and the Press only till we could show it a more excellent way. Our joy has been turned to bitterness. We have been involved in perpetual combat, owing to the persistent endeavour to turn the Institute of Journalists, with its numerous local centres, into what would practically be a multiplication of Newspaper Press Funds all teaching the lesson that the Press makes the public man, that the public man is, or ought to be, grateful to the Press, and that for the workers of the Press, as a professional organisation of men who are not well enough paid (such is the humiliating argument) to help themselves and each other, it is legitimate to claim under thin disguises a return in charity (and in entertainment also) for services which it is nothing more nor less than the business of the journalist to render. And a profitable business it is too, if not always to the men, certainly to their employers. How, if a journalist does well, can he for shame listen to such arguments? How, if he should have a mean employer who pays him ill, can he possibly suppose that, under any known laws of political economy, earnings can rise in a profession which he is aiming at having specially protected by charitable subsidies against the ordinary misfortunes of life? There has recently been established in the Institute of Journalists, with help to which there is no possible objection—the generous contribution of one of its own members, Sir John Willox—a Provident Fund. But even in the application of this help the principles the Institute should foster have not prevailed. It was urged that, while Sir John Willox's gift might be properly used to strengthen the security of a Provident Fund, or to add to the relief given in cases of exceptional distress, or to lend to those who from temporary misfortune could not pay their instalments, it ought not to diminish the payments of those who were in no special need of this generous newspaper proprietor's help. The pauperising principle prevailed in the Institute, and it is decided that the gift of Sir John Willox may go in diminution of the premiums. Thus it will have the effect of a bribe to outsiders to come into the Institute, not to promote its welfare as a professional organisation, but for what they can get out of it. The selfish question, "What good is the Institute to me?" can now be answered by an Institute which should have scorned to answer it; but what added power of resistance will there be against the sweating employer, to whom the cheap insurance facilities of the Institute will give a greater choice of youngsters competing for his mean openings into the journalistic world? Sir John Willox gave his money voluntarily, and had the satisfaction of the giver with a cheerful heart. The party now prevailing in the Institute, instead of leaving this example to have its own effect, insisted (under unhappy guidance) upon bringing it under the noses of other proprietors, in order that they might (not of their own motion, like Sir John Willox, but for shame's sake, as it were) go and do likewise. And some have, no doubt, responded, with inward comments, which will not trouble the persons responsible for this policy any more than the snubs of those proprietors who decline their invitation.

The strongest opponents of outside aid have always refused to come into the Institute at all. While the issue was in the balance, I, preferring their views, yet declined to come out, and urged them to come in and help us in the fight. In their absence, it was a hard battle, and how it was tending has been shown by the decisions on the Provident Fund, to which I have just referred. The end (for me) came at Nottingham, when, at last, the Edinburgh Resolution received an interpretation adverse to all the hopes of the past. It was decided, in effect, that no objection existed to outside aid under the regulation of the district Orphan Fund Committees. The majority was small. There was a nearly equal division of parties, and most of my colleagues remain, hoping to reverse the decision. I hope they will succeed, but I do not see how they can. It is now clear that the profession cannot be organised by an Institute one half of whose members are deeply committed to the organisation of charities on a principle which the majority of that profession, including the other half of the Institute's own members, repudiate.



## HOW A RACEHORSE IS TRAINED.

*From Photographs by Rouch, Strand.*

The education of the thoroughbred horse begins while he is still a yearling, for, as he will in all probability be trained to run in races for two-year-olds, the sooner he is broken in to saddle and bridle, the better. Moreover, if taken in hand when a colt, he is more tractable, and the elements of his education are fraught with less pain to himself and less trouble to his breaker than if the business were postponed. Having learned to carry a man—or rather, a boy—on his back, and to obey the rein, his training as a racehorse begins. Somebody has summarised the preparation for racing as “Gallop, Gallop, Gallop”; but in the case of the young horse that summary is rather misleading. In older days, the practice of sweating was general; the colt, in addition to his regular work, was, twice a week, smothered in rugs and hoods, and, thus muffled, sent on a four- or even a six-mile gallop; but this heroic method of “getting the beef off” has been given up for twenty years or more, and is resorted to nowadays only to reduce a gross horse whose legs will not stand much galloping. The amount of exercise given each horse depends upon many factors; one that feeds well and does



STARTING FOR THE MORNING'S WORK.



PULLING UP AFTER A GALLOP.

a short gallop, the speed being increased as the horses get more “fit.” Occasionally the work is varied with what the colt doubtless thinks a real race: he is despatched to run half-a-mile or six furlongs beside an old horse, and enters into the spirit of the thing thoroughly. His rider, at the start, teaches him how to “get away” well—start at speed without loss of time, a very necessary thing for him to learn, for many of the races he will be entered for are short ones, in which a good start is half the battle. In these education-races the youngster is always allowed to win, the old horse being held in for the purpose if need be. Horses are curiously constituted, and the colt is apt to lose heart if frequently made to run against a rival who always beats him, and, if thus disheartened at the beginning, rarely recovers his natural courage and spirit. There are no whips or spurs on the training-ground; the youngster learns to do his best in obedience to hand and heel alone, and does not know what punishment means till he has to struggle for “the judge’s eye.”

his corn justice wants more work than a delicate feeder. One of the great secrets of the trainer’s art is to learn exactly how much work each horse can do with the greatest advantage; how much each requires to get off his fat and develop his muscles. The serious business of training begins in the spring, when the ground is soft and horses can be galloped without risk of injury to their feet and legs. At five o’clock in the morning the trainer’s string of a dozen or more, each horse sheeted and hooded, and ridden by his lad, leave the stable and start for an hour’s walking exercise; this preliminary is essential, for, if taken direct to the training-ground and allowed to canter while perfectly fresh, dire grief would be the consequence—boys “unshipped,” and snorting young horses kicking and galloping wildly all over the country-side. The hour’s walk steadies their high spirits, and, when taken on to the Downs, they are fairly well-behaved. The routine of work is much the same from day to day: a little trot to quicken the youngster’s circulation, then a three-furlong or half-mile canter, followed by another bout of walking and another canter. The morning’s work concludes with



WALKING EXERCISE.



MR. F. R. BENSON AS RICHARD THE SECOND.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KILPATRICK, BELFAST.



## THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Another Shakspeare Festival has come and gone, leaving not a few of the hundreds of visitors who have thronged the Memorial Theatre for the past fortnight to marvel more than ever that many-playhoused London not only cannot support a *répertoire* theatre, but this year could not boast even a single performance of a play of Shakspeare's on the day of



MRS. F. R. BENSON AS LADY MACBETH.  
Photo by Guy, Cork.

all days of the year most closely associated with the poet's name. For those who, to use the words of rare Ben Jonson, "do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any," are naturally the last to wish the English Bayreuth to remain in all the fastness of its Warwickshire seclusion, the be-all and the end-all of Shaksperian revival. More than a century ago Garrick dreamed of a playhouse on the banks of the soft-flowing Avon that should supply not merely a fit setting for the celebration of our national poet's memory by the appropriate performance of his plays, but also a centre of dramatic study and a school for the actor's art; and something at least of this ideal is being realised while the scholarly, and in many cases even splendid, productions for which Mr. F. R. Benson has year by year become responsible, at the invitation of the Memorial Council, are borne onwards by the players through the principal theatres in the provinces, long after the two-weeks' traffic of the Festival has reached its appointed end.

Quite apart from all ideas of homage to a great man's memory amid the actual surroundings in which he lived and moved and had his being, the striking growth in popularity of this annual Festival under Mr. Benson's zealous sway is one of the most hopeful of latter-day signs on the dramatic horizon. The local interests of the occasion remain what they have ever been—in the nature of things they cannot grow—yet each year a larger and more enthusiastic body of visitors flows into the quiet little town to partake of the varied bill set forth for its intellectual enjoyment. Consciously or unconsciously, these playgoers are protestants against the tyranny of the "long-run" system, which cabins, cribs, and confines the dramatic art of the day. It is a *répertoire* theatre that they want, and certainly Mr. Benson and the Memorial Council see that they get it, for a brief spell, at any rate.

Last year, the special feature, in addition to a round of the more familiar plays, was the performance of the great Roman trilogy, "*Coriolanus*," "*Julius Cæsar*," and "*Antony and Cleopatra*." This year has been rendered even more memorable by a first attempt at a regular cycle of Shakspeare's plays from English history.

Not a complete cycle, it is true: that was forbidden by the twelve nights' limit of the campaign, and by the necessity for retaining the "relief" of comedy and tragedy proper, since even your Festival-goer lives not by chronicle-plays alone. But this year's "*Richard II.*," "*Henry V.*," "*Henry VI., Part II.*," and "*Richard III.*" form a promising start for a still more representative series next year, when the Festival will, in all probability, be extended to three weeks.

Three out of this quartet of plays had, each in turn, formed the special revival of some previous Festival, but they were now brought back to the Memorial stage with even more than their former completeness

of detail. Mr. Benson's *Henry the Fifth* remains one of the noblest figures of chivalry that the modern stage has produced, as his embodiment of the ill-starred *Richard the Second* is one of the most luminous of psychological studies. There is still room, however, for a few more gleams of humour in the one, and, from the other, one could spare something of the violence of the hapless monarch's last demented moments. Mrs. Benson's graceful comedy as "*the most sage demoiselle en France*," the choleric Fluellen of Mr. G. R. Weir, the coarse, browbeating bully of a Pistol presented by Mr. Asche, and Miss Denvil's admirable delivery of Mrs. Quickly's famous lines describing Falstaff's death, help to make this "*Henry V.*" one of the most memorable of recent Shaksperian revivals.

The special novelty of this year's Festival, however, was the less attractive play of "*Henry VI., Part II.*," never before revived upon the Memorial boards, though the first part of the same play was given its local habitation thereon some ten years ago. As a series of scenes filling in an important gap in the period of English history illustrated by Shakspeare's more dramatic chronicle-plays, the revival proved remarkably interesting. Mr. Hignett's pathetic rendering of the pious but weak-minded King formed an excellent foil to the imperious masterfulness of Margaret of Anjou, as realised with notable spirit and skill by Mrs. Benson, who played with valuable intensity in the Queen's impassioned parting from her lover, Suffolk. In the final battle of St. Albans, where Margaret seizes her panic-stricken consort's sword and carves her own way through the enemy's ranks, Mrs. Benson was again very effective. In the smaller part of the unscrupulous Cardinal Beaufort, Mr. Benson lent authority to the scenes illustrating the turbulence of the factious nobles, and gave grim effect to the conscious-stricken, though unrepentant, ecclesiastic's death-bed struggles, and Mr. Rodney was excellent as Duke Humphrey; but the chief interest of this production lay in the vivid series of pictures of life and manners in Plantagenet times presented by a masterly stage-management. The riots attending the rebellion of Jack Cade—a character endowed with a sort of splendid truculence by Mr. Asche—must rank amongst the most convincing of recent stage-effects.

Of the other novelty, the performance of the entire text of "*Hamlet*," in two halves, with an interval for dinner, after the fashion of your true Wagnerian, one might say with Hamlet himself, "Sir, a whole history!"—so curiously interesting was the fresh aspect given to the tragedy by the



MRS. BENSON AS KATHARINE OF FRANCE IN "*HENRY V.*"  
Photo by Chancellor, Dublin.

scenes and speeches practically new to the stage; but that were to omit even the bare record of the success of the more familiar "*As You Like It*," "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," "*Twelfth Night*," "*The Merchant of Venice*," and "*Macbeth*," in the course of the Festival's strenuous programme.

## WHY NOT A STATUE OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE?

"At my death I mean to take a total adieu of the world, not caring for a monument, history, or epitaph." So wrote the famous surgeon Sir Thomas Browne; but his own desires notwithstanding, a monument



PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

will shortly be erected to his memory in the good City of Norwich—probably in the Haymarket—where he lived for many years, and where he received in 1671 the honour of knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign, King Charles II. From the walls of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital the portrait of Sir Thomas Browne still looks down, and in the church of St. Peter's Mancroft he and his wife lie buried.

Sir Thomas inherited a fair patrimony from his father, a London merchant, but was defrauded of it during his minority by a guardian—"according to the common fate of orphans," as Dr. Johnson somewhat cynically remarks. The gentler sex can hardly be expected to sympathise with this early misfortune of the erudite Sir Thomas, for I regret to record that of women

he wrote very slightly, saying that "the whole world was made for man, but only the twelfth part of man for woman"; and, again, that "man is the whole world, but woman only the rib, or crooked part of man." Sir Thomas evidently never foresaw the prominent part the "rib" was to play ere the nineteenth century came to a close. Nevertheless, in practice he was more complimentary to the sex than in precept, for, having settled at Norwich, where he enjoyed a lucrative practice, in 1636, he, five years later, took to wife a certain Mrs. Mileham—"a lady of such symmetrical proportion to her husband, both in the graces of her mind and body, that they seemed to come together by a kind of natural magnetism." With her, despite his opinions, he lived happily for forty years, and she bore him a family of ten children. His principal literary work was the "*Religio Medici*" (the "*Religion of a Physician*"), which, even in the stormy period in which it saw the light—1643—excited great and immediate attention, in consequence, says Johnson, of "the novelty of paradoxes, the dignity of sentiment, the quick succession of images, the multitude of abstruse allusions, the subtlety of disquisition, and the strength of language" with which it abounded. There is much about the writer himself in this book, but, in judging of the author's description of his own personality, the reader must remember that Sir Thomas was a humorist. Coleridge speaks of this work as "a fine portrait of a handsome man in his best clothes," and adds that "it is a most delicious book." Another admirer of Sir Thomas's literary merit was De Quincey, who declares that Donne, Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, Milton, South, Barrow, and Sir Thomas Browne are "a pleiad of seven golden stars, such as in their class no literature can match"; while Southey averred that, were his library confined to a dozen English

common errors." It treats in a pedantic way many odd notions, such as that storks will only live in republics, that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not, that elephants have no joints, that men weigh heavier dead than alive, and before meat than after, and, indeed, of many other old wives' fables. Many manuscripts were discovered after Sir Thomas's death and were eventually printed. It is recorded, among other matters, that he was a wonderful economist of time, and could brook no idle moments; that he was a plain dresser, and that he strongly advocated the use of warm garments in our variable climate. He died in 1682, aged seventy-seven.

## "WHO FEARS TO SPEAK OF '98?"

The last landmark which associated the Trinity College, Dublin, of to-day with the Trinity of romance—the Trinity of Goldsmith, Burke, and Grattan, of Charley O'Malley and Frank Webber—is now in rapid process of annihilation. "Rotten Row" is being pulled down to make room for the new Graduates' Memorial, which is to act as a sort of glorified club for graduates who have ceased to reside in the College. Before these lines are in print the last vestige of the most ancient building in the "University of the Holy and Undivided Trinity" will have totally disappeared. Old habitués of the College will hardly recognise the Library Square without its familiar northern side, which has withstood the shocks of time since 1698, and, in its two centuries of existence, has gathered round it a wealth of tradition, social, literary, and political. It was, for instance, in the bay-windowed house, which, when this photograph was taken, was already beginning, like Dean Swift, to "go at the top," and in the first-floor rooms whose three windows look out upon the entrance of "Botany Bay," that the Tyrtæus of the Young Ireland movement conceived and wrote the poem which, in



LIBRARY SQUARE, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

spite of a few recent and feeble imitations, will always remain the National Anthem of Nationalist Ireland.

As everybody knows, Dr. John Kells Ingram, the author of "*Who Fears to Speak of '98?*" is now the honoured Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, and in the calm seclusion of Senior Fellowship has put away the politics and passions of his undergraduate days. Times have changed, and the spirit of Irish Nationalism has changed since the evening, more than sixty years ago, when young Ingram and three men of his own year sat in his rooms in No. 31 and discussed the Young Ireland movement with all the enthusiasm and ardour of hot-headed undergraduates. One of the three, the learned and witty Dr. George F. Shaw, S.F.T.C.D., still happily survives, and will find few to agree with him in his whimsical remark to the present writer that he "ought to be as dead as the others."

After a long discussion, as Dr. Shaw relates, Ingram retired to his bedroom, but found himself unable to sleep, and spent the wakeful hours in putting together his magnificent lyric on "*The Memory of the Dead*." Next day he mentioned the matter very diffidently to Shaw, and it required a great deal of persuasion to induce him to give his verses to the world. On that same evening, however, he dropped them into the letter-box of the *Nation* office, and thought no more of them until, like Byron, he woke to find himself famous. Since that time his great learning and wonderful critical ability have won him renown in a dozen fields of scholarship, but the world will remember him for the careless effort of his boyhood. And, in spite of what the Irish public believes to the contrary, those who know him intimately are assured that he would not have it otherwise.

## NOTE.

*The Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



THE HAYMARKET, NORWICH, WHERE IT IS PROPOSED TO ERECT THE STATUE TO SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

authors, Browne should be one of them. The book which followed up the success of the "*Religio Medici*" was a very curious work, entitled "*Pseudoxia Epidemica*," or "inquiries into very many received tenets and commonly preserved truths, which, examined, prove but vulgar and



## PEOPLE WHO MADE LONDON LAUGH.

London, which has all sorts of everything, has all sorts of tombstones, and not the least pathetic are those of the mummers, the musicians, and the mountebanks who once made London laugh.

The mastiff *couchant* on the tomb of Tom Sayers at Highgate is emblematic. Probably the sculptor would have chosen a bulldog had that animal lent itself more than it does to decorative purposes. There

at the forgotten tradition from the device of bats and flying bails at the foot of the monument in Highgate Cemetery. The stone was erected by the M.C.C., for whom till his death in 1854 Lillywhite acted as bowler. The oddest thing about him was that he did not play in a big match till the age of thirty-five. After that he played till he was four years older than Dr. Grace is to-day. He was strongest in bowling, in



TOM SAYERS (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).



WOMBWELL (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).

are many still alive who remember the great fight of Sayers *v.* Heenan in 1860. The event stirred the country to its depths. The circumstance that Sayers was an Englishman, while Heenan, otherwise known as the "Benicia Boy," represented the muscle of America, lent to the conflict all the glamour of an international crisis. Quakers were thrilled to read that the Yankee fancy was so blinded by the British pet that he actually mauled his own second by mistake; poets sang of the fight; clergymen were present at it. The *Times* devoted three columns to the description, to say nothing of a leader in its best style. "The *Times*," it observed, "which cannot neglect any subject of national interest, is forced for once to dedicate its columns to the 'P. R.' Muscle and bottom, clean hitting and neat stopping, must be recorded like a debate on the Budget, or the Swiss demonstrations against France, for the fight of the 17th inst. is a great national event, and has been accepted as such by inhabitants of two hemispheres." It was a desperate but inconclusive encounter. There were thirty-seven rounds, and the fight lasted over two hours. A subscription of £3000 was raised for Sayers, the interest of which was paid to him on the curious condition that he did not fight any more. He died five years later, leaving a memory more fragrant than is usually associated with the ring.

Some day, when a few generations of "W. G.'s" have obliterated the memory of Frederick William Lillywhite, it will still be possible to guess

which he was the first player of eminence to adopt the round-arm style. Fabulous stories are told of the average number of runs he permitted his opponents to get when he was bowling, and he once defined cricket as "Me bowling, Pilch batting, and Box keeping wicket." That lack of humility may be explained on the ground that, before he found his vocation, he was a bricklayer.

Balfe is especially favoured in that he has not only a handsome obelisk in Kensal Green Cemetery, but also a tablet in Westminster Abbey. At that time he was accounted a sufficient force in the musical world to require a space on the walls of the national mausoleum. Since then—it was only twenty years ago—things musical have changed somewhat, and a school has arisen which knows not, or at least, heeds not, "The Bohemian Girl." But, let Mr. Superior Person scoff as he may, Balfe is still a name sweet to the ears of pit and gallery. The pity of it with Balfe was that he had the most ridiculous librettist in the world in the person known as "the Poet Bunn." Bunn was not really a poet. He was manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and he thought so highly of Balfe's talent that he condescended to help him up the ladder of success. They certainly made it pay. "The Bohemian Girl" was produced in November 1843, and ran for more than a hundred nights. It was translated into French and Italian, and these critical countries also accepted it with enthusiasm. Balfe wrote many other operas, but few of them are heard nowadays, though the Carl Rosa



LILLYWHITE THE CRICKETER (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).

CARL ROSA (HIGHGATE CEMETERY).  
From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOHEMIAN GIRL"  
(KENSAL GREEN).

Company revived his "Talisman" a few years ago, without any remarkable success. Balfe died in 1870, having been singing—he was originally a professional vocalist—playing the violin, and composing since the age of seven.

Concerning Carl Rosa, who lies at Highgate, it should be explained that his name was not really Rosa, but Rose. He made the change

when he started the enterprise by which he is known, and which has undoubtedly had a most beneficial effect on musical taste in England. Since his death, as everyone knows, the Carl Rosa Opera Company has not flourished as it did in the earlier days, from 1875 onward, but the recent reorganisation, under Dr. Osmond Carr and Mr. Hamish McCunn, affords ground for the best hopes. In one respect, the new directors intend to revert to Carl Rosa's original scheme—they will give an annual season in London. The Metropolis has reason to remember Carl Rosa with gratitude, for it was he who first gave it the opportunity of hearing Wagner in English. He did his best, also, to encourage native com-



MACKLIN THE COMEDIAN (ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, COVENT-GARDEN).

posers, but the results can hardly have been remunerative. Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" was the most popular of that series.

Many excellent people to whom "Wombwell's Menagerie" is a household word still picture the old gentleman, as senior partner, travelling round the country in a caravan. To such, the revelation on the tombstone that Mr. George Wombwell died all but fifty years ago will come with something of a shock. This prototype of Barnum was, perhaps, more of a naturalist and less of a showman than most of those who have followed him in the business. He was, at all events, one of those boys we read about, but so seldom see, who kept beetles in his pockets and cherished rats with paternal care. His menagerie began almost by an accident. As a young man, he was a bootmaker in Soho, and one day, the ruling passion rising strong within him, he bought a couple of boa-constrictors. Now, you cannot keep two boa-constrictors in lodgings, so the consequence of the rash purchase was that young Wombwell struck his tent in Soho, and led his monsters about for a livelihood from Camberwell to Croydon, from Croydon to Barnet, and farther afield as his weird retinue increased. His fame grew, and Wombwell widened his net till, at the time of his death, his live stock included twenty lions and five elephants. The elephants, it is interesting to know, he nurtured largely on ale, and their vegetarian provender was at the rate of 168 lb. a day. He had, probably, the best collection of birds and wild animals in Europe. "Zoos" were not then so common as they are to-day. After the first few years, his bank account grew fat and flourishing, but to the end he grumbled at the turnpike tolls, which ran up to a substantial sum when forty caravans had to pay their way.

The remains of Macklin, the actor, lie unconsidered in a vault of St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden. The inscription on the tablet is correct in putting him down a centenarian—a length of years vouchsafed to few actors—but it probably stretches a point in mentioning

a hundred and seven as his age. The best authorities believe that he was born in 1697, and so lived just a hundred years. He quarrelled most of his time, even during the last sad decade, which he occupied mainly, after the manner of the late Mr. Jenkins, in making the lives of police-magistrates a burden to them. Up to the age of nearly ninety he still appeared before the footlights. His last appearance was in May 1789, when he dressed for the part of Shylock. Seeing Mrs. Pope, he asked her if she was playing that night. She answered that she was to take



MADAME TIETJENS (KENSAL GREEN).

the part of Portia. "Ah, very true," said Macklin, "but who is to play Shylock?" He went on the stage, but was only able to mumble a few times. It was an appropriate part, at all events, to end his career with, for his Shylock was always considered his masterpiece. His temper, as I have said, was his weak point. He quarrelled with his parents, and ran away from home. He quarrelled with all his fellow-actors: his feud with Garrick lasted till the end. His capacity for quarrelling led him into difficulties even with the public, who once shouted in Covent Garden for his dismissal.

Charles Kemble was only one of a family that made London laugh and cry for many years. Old Roger Kemble, his father, born in 1721, had twelve children, eight of whom were players, including Sarah (afterwards Mrs. Siddons), John Philip, and Charles. Charles himself (born 1775) was the father of Fanny Kemble, whose autobiography makes such delightful reading. Charles James Mathews, again, was the son of an actor (born 1803). His widow, it may be remembered, died only the other day. His son Charles is the well-known Q.C.

Singers are soon forgotten, and the renown of Madame Tietjens is a remote tradition, though it is just twenty years since her monument was put up at Kensal Green. She was one of that illustrious band of Continental musicians, to whom the last recruit is Richter, who find no place so good a home as London. From the time when she made her first appearance here in 1858, being already an artist of established position on the Continent, she did little wandering except within the limits of these shores. She was the mainstay of Mr. Mapleson's operatic ventures at Her Majesty's and Drury Lane, and, indeed, she was created no less for the rôle of actress than of vocalist. In addition to a voice of surpassing quality, she had a most effective stage-presence and a genuine histrionic talent. The taste of those days was mainly for "Italian" opera, and Tietjens shone as Norma, Lucrezia, Media, Semiramide, and Leonora. The part of Ortrud in "Lohengrin," which she essayed in later years, was not so well suited to her. Her last appearance was as Lucrezia. "If I am to die," she said, "I will play Lucrezia once more." Unlike most prime donne, she was as acceptable in oratorio as in opera. Sir Julius Benedict wrote "St. Cecilia" specially for her.



CHARLES KEMBLE (KENSAL GREEN).



CHARLES JAMES MATHEWS (KENSAL GREEN).

From Photographs by H. C. Shelley.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PIOUS FEMALE: Do people come into the church on a week-day to pray?  
OLD MAN: Yes, Mum; I caught a couple of 'em at it last week!

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The Peace Conference is about to meet, after all; and therefore the hope of averting a European war is becoming fainter. "Si vis pacem, para bellum," is an old but true adage; and the converse is also fairly true. The Great Exhibitions, which were to perpetuate peace, generally preceded a period of war. The world is never so near a frightful conflict as when nations go round blethering of fraternity. Cain and Abel were brothers, and no doubt their fatal enmity was due to the fact that, as the only brothers then extant, they were expected to be far too fraternal. Most boys, I imagine, will have had a sort of suspicion at one time that "righteous Abel" was a bit of a prig; something like the good cousin who is often held up to them as a model of all the virtues. I have known some of these model cousins come to bad ends. But all this is beside the question.

There can be no doubt that if the Czar's proposals succeed it will not be the fault of his advisers. Nothing could be more grotesquely anomalous than for the Apostle of Peace to expel from his dominions a simple religious sect (with a name I decline to spell) because its members think it wicked to fight, and to dragoon the most contented and prosperous part of his Empire into disaffection, in order to draw a larger military force from its population. It is usual among Continental critics to talk of British hypocrisy. We have plenty, individually, and at times nationally, but I do not think even we ever quite equalled the present instance. Surely the autocrat is not in want of more armed men. He has millions enough; what he wants is money to get them to the frontier in time. The suppression of the few poor exceptions to his military system is not for defence, but to reduce the whole country to the same barrack model.

The State apparently most eager for the Peace Conference, after Russia, is the mild and liberal Transvaal. The London Convention prevents Dr. Leyds from representing his relative at The Hague, and this is deeply resented. The pacific intentions of Mr. Kruger are conspicuously like those of his august model. As Nicholas to the Finns, so is Paul to the Uitlanders. Both are building forts where no man threatens them, both feverishly looking for loans and offering commercial concessions. Both, in fact, are clamouring for peace and acting as if they expected war.

Were it not for this fussy peace-mongering, there would seem little cause for a great war. Of course, the Ameer of Afghanistan may die, and a disputed succession may slop over the borders. There are likewise goings-on in the Persian Gulf. But the African frontier question, the Chinese division of interests, are settled, at any rate for the time. One does not see whence the storm-cloud is to arise. This was much the case in 1870; but the ill-will was there, and France invented a pretext of a trivial order, and Germany accepted the wager of battle. There is now no very important question open between two of the Great Powers; but there is bad feeling enough, especially between English and French. Newspapers bandy reproaches and sarcasms about the Dreyfus Case. French journals publish plans for the invasion of England—just as they did in Napoleon's time. Subscriptions are opened to buy submarine boats for use against the British Fleet. To judge by the language of journalists, Lord Salisbury (with Sir Rhodesberry Cécile and Lord Hick-Speech) is the successor to the "Pitt et Cobourg" of Revolutionary times. To read many French papers and some English ones, we should at first believe that the countries are at war. Yet they are at peace, and seem likely to remain so.

But this very irresponsibility of the Press is itself a guarantee for peace. When war looked really imminent over Fashoda, the tone of French papers was distinctly moderated for a time. So it would be again, with theirs and ours. Responsibility sobers even a journalist. You may advocate a war in a leading article daily or weekly; but when the war comes near at hand, and your voice may turn the balance for peace or war, there is an irresistible shrinking from being the cause of bloodshed. The danger is that the crowd, incited to warlike feeling by the newspapers, may some day rush seriously into the policy that the leaders of journalistic opinion advocate only in order to have something interesting and sensational.

Russia is well fitted to be a peaceful country, for the rigid censorship exercised over her Press makes it hard for an Opposition to clamour that everything done is wrong, and still harder for the public to believe any such theory. For there is no Opposition, and the Press and its readers know nothing of the supposed betrayal of national interests. If Lord Salisbury gives a concession, he is throwing the honour of England into the gutter; if he makes a friendly agreement, he has pusillanimously yielded to the other party, or scandalously overreached it. Nobody says this about Count Mouravieff—habitually, at least. If Russia is outdone in diplomacy, and the fact has occurred in the past, there is nobody to take note of the fact and impress it on the popular mind, and it passes almost unnoticed. If our Ministers do not show a brilliant success every week or so, they are regarded as hopelessly inferior to Continental rivals. The mere fact of keeping anything secret is regarded as an offence. And yet our journals wonder why our diplomacy is not more successful.

Perhaps the next war will arise out of the sheer disgust of the world at all this talk of Peace.

MARMITON.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A translation of poetry that is itself poetry is so rare an event that one can hardly enough wonder at it and admire. This rare and delightful thing is seen in Miss Alma Strettell's selected translations from the poems of Verhaeren (Lane). Verhaeren is one of the few poets who write in French who really call for an English rendering. His mystic Flemish temperament renders him often obscure though not unintelligible in expression. The physical nature he interprets is the long, spacious, melancholy plains and marshes and the slow streams of his native Flanders, where there are few incidents to a hasty eye. The moods of the soul he chronicles are not obvious. You have to pierce a veil before you reach his meaning. So a translator is not superfluous. But a translator might offend in a rendering of his verse more than with most poets. Miss Strettell has a fine instinct and great skill. She has retained the mysticism, the melancholy flow of the verse, and has never asserted crudely in English what is dimly suggested in French. One's only regret is that her selection is not larger. Here are a few lines from her rendering of one of the störmier pieces—

The wind of November!  
Have you met him, the savage wind, do you remember?  
Did he pass you so fleet—  
Where, you at the cross, the three hundred roads meet—  
With distressfulness panting, and wailing with cold?  
Yea, he who breeds fears and puts all things to flight,  
Did you see him, that night  
When the moon he o'erthrew—when the villages, old  
In their rot and decay, past endurance and spent,  
Cried, wailing like beasts, 'neath the hurricane bent?

And perhaps she shows herself more emphatically a poet in the lines from "The Silence"—

Since summer, thunder-laden, last was heard,  
The Silence has not stirred;  
And the broad heath-land, where the nights sink down  
Beyond the sand-hills brown,  
Beyond the endless thickets closely set,  
To the far borders of the far-away,  
Prolongs it yet.

Even the winds disturb not as they go  
The boughs of those long larches, bending low,  
Where the marsh-water lies,  
In which its vacant eyes  
Gaze at themselves unceasing, stubbornly.  
Only sometimes, as on their way they move,  
The noiseless shadows of the clouds above,  
Or of some great bird's hovering flight on high,  
Brush it in passing by.

"A Millionaire's Daughter" (Pearson), Mr. Percy White's new book, is a more generally pleasing and a less brilliant piece of work than some of his former stories. This is certainly true of it in comparison at least with "Mr. Bailey-Martin," the book which made his reputation. The satire in his latest story is much less savage, being directed only against the somewhat selfish wife of a millionaire, a somewhat over-diplomatic dean, and a somewhat aggressive baronet's lady. They are castigated lightly, as becomes their moderate offences, and certain other persons who might be laughed at are treated with extreme gentleness. A millionaire, whom it would have been easy to make fun of as a muff, a weak-kneed, small-brained, chill-blooded creature, shines as a kind of saint, though his only virtues are good-nature and gratitude. Mr. White in a mild humour is very agreeable, and has made a capital story out of the honourable difficulty which stands in the way of the trustee for a millionaire's daughter and sole heiress declaring his love for that charming young lady.

Dr. Max Nordau seems to be giving up criticism for imaginative writing—at least, for the compilation of novels. At first it looked as if he were no better employed than before, for "The Malady of the Century" was a sorry enough performance. But practice has brought skill, and his last experiment in fiction, "The Drones Must Die" (Heinemann), is very creditable indeed. It is even interesting, and one may look forward to his producing a fair amount of solid, sober entertainment for us in the future. There are portions of this book that even touch us, and in his chief characters, a German family in Paris, we are genuinely interested. He shows us the elders as exiles still after a dozen years, keeping to German ways, making few French friends, retaining their own native habits of thought, very much alone in a great city, while the younger generation are only too completely acclimatised, adopting France as their own country, thinking in its language, with not a shred of Teutonic patriotism left. The main purpose of the story, however, is to show how unprofitable to humanity is gambling on the Bourse, company-promoting, and the like. The tone of the story is tremendously common-sensible, and, on the whole, it is convincing. But the notorious Baroness who, after leading a particularly scandalous life—the fault of others, of course—retains dignity and sweetness, and even a sense of honour, seems to belong to the region of fairy-tales. The best of the minor characters is the old scientist and idealist, Klein, of whom a delightful picture is given. This old fellow, who lives luxuriously in squalid poverty because he can see the sky and the river, dies when taken to a comfortable shelter, where only his body, not his wide-searching eyes, are catered for. "The Drones must Die" is a book of interesting bits. There is not a spark of genius in it, but its plain common-sense is lit by not a little sympathy.

O. O.





THE MAGIC MIRROR.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RICHARDS, BALLARAT.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BILL JOHNSTONE.

BY D. W. WHEELER.

All the inland country round Berrow is a level sweep of fields, divided by straight hedges and ditches. For years these have been the same, and I suppose the appearance of the country under the early Georges was little different from what it was at the commencement of Victoria's reign, when Bill Johnstone, the dreamer, came to live among us for a time.

In those days the village contained everything I cared for, and any fresh arrival or new face interested me as much as the affairs of whole nations have in after life.

I was almost the first to make the acquaintance of Bill, as, just after he came, I met him in one of my lonely walks. It was a morning in September, and I had stolen out to see a sight I had often longed to look at. About three miles from the shore there is a solitary hill, Brent Knoll by name, and I thought that it must be the most glorious thing on earth to watch from its summit the first light fall on the sleeping hamlets and the wide, chequered plain. I crept quietly downstairs and made my way out into the grey twilight. A thick fog hung over everything, and I passed through the silent fields as if I were in a ghostly land: only here and there some animal moved slowly and startled me by its gigantic size. Until I reached the foot of the Knoll, all was cold and drenched with dew; but as soon as I began to climb I mounted into warm, dry air, and by the time I reached the top everything was growing clear as the dawn spread over the sky. Here I sat until the great sun arose, and the hill cast a long cone of shadow upon the white shroud which covered the village in the valley and all the land around. Far in the distance the Mendips loomed like solitary islands.

As I sat thus, wholly open to the influence of what I saw around me, I became aware of a man who was standing close to me. He was tall and thin. The morning light smote on his bare head and hair already turning grey. His eyes were clear and shining; his eager face wore a strange, exalted expression. He seemed wrapped in thought, but presently he came near, and stood towering over me like a giant. Then he spoke in the rich Somersetshire tongue, and his fierce words had the power of carrying me away prisoner. They were wild and ran like a flooded torrent. For a while I could not catch his idea at all; but, after a time, I gathered that he merely addressed me impersonally, for strong thoughts swept through his mind, and had to find utterance whether the listener comprehended them or not. What he was setting before me was the danger that England ran from the revengeful French—the imminent, instant peril in which we lived. His words shook me. I could see the path of the destroyer, the farm-houses vomiting forth clouds of smoke, the villagers fleeing to the fields and cowering in the sandhills. First, Berrow resisted vainly, and then the sword cut off old and young alike, and a few fire-scathed ruins remained. Then Burnham was sacked, and the flaming houses were reflected in the sky; and South Brent, the little hamlet with the tall church-tower among the trees, was carried with exulting shouts, and the merciless foreigner seized the very Knoll for his camp, while the captured villages lay around like blots on the plain. What could be done to ward off the catastrophe? There was but one remedy. Why was not Steart Island, that lonely sandy stretch at the mouth of the Parret, why was not that fortified? Its value was untold for such a purpose. And he sketched his plans at length, so that I saw the low island crowned with earthworks, and against the grey winter nightfall, while the French ships sailed boastfully up the river brimming with the flowing tide, came gleams of light, and the Steart fortress thundered death upon the invader.

It was truths like this that he had vainly dinned into village ears, and yet none would listen to him; or, if they hearkened for a time, as soon as they got together afterwards they mocked him, as he had always been mocked when he spake thus to men, for men could never hear the truth without hating it.

All this time I said nothing; only I listened breathlessly to the glowing words, for they called to my mind pictures of war and of wailing, and I trembled as I gazed on them.

Then the speaker passed away, and I saw with astonishment the sun had risen far into the sky. For the whole of the way home I could not banish either the keen face of the prophet or his hot words from my brain, and I kept wondering who he was and whence he came. I was not long doubtful, for shortly after this Bill Johnstone came suddenly into fame. From all sides reports came thick: had I seen the new arrival and heard of the great things he talked of? How Berrow was to be a big town, and to leave even Bridgwater far behind. How a harbour was to be made, and shipping carried on—not only the small coasting-vessels, but three-masted ships; and how bricks could be made from the mud, and so on, for the brain that suggested these things knew no fetters, and the village was fired, and its thoughts were filled. It was said, too, that the place was to become the site of a cathedral, and that a Bishop would live there, and the old cassock-clothed parson was held to be in favour of the change; and the young girl-Queen even was to be invited to build a castle on the common, and to live among her loving subjects, and the sandhills were to be shut in and wild beasts of all kinds were to roam over them, so that all ears would ring with the greatness of Berrow.

In fact, for a time the genius of the sanguine seer quite overshadowed the place, and imagination, long chained, burst its bonds. One man only was looked up to and talked of, and the words of Bill Johnstone were listened to as the clergyman's had never been.

Then came the inevitable reaction. First, the questioner arose: the man with destructive gifts. Close at his heels followed the mocker, scoffing in private to start with, and then more openly and more venomously, until it was held a sign of intellectual superiority to be classed with the select few to whom the prophet was an impostor. Little by little his words lost their charm, and could only convince while the speaker was at hand, till at last the listeners fell away altogether, and his voice cried in the wilderness, and his ideas ceased even to be a topic of village conversation.

All this time I never met him again; only the remembrance of his former words lingered, and I longed once more to be his disciple, more especially as I felt that his heart was sore within him. With the loss of the belief of others, there must have come over him, like a wave, that full dull despair which sweeps over one who would give his life gladly for the help of men; but these go back from him, and will none of him, and treat his richest offerings with disdain. For I believed in him still, and, like a wilful girl, refused to be guided by the wisdom of my elders. I wanted to comfort him, to assure him of my allegiance, and, night after night, used to endow him with airy fortunes and enjoy the discomfiture of the scoffers and the triumph of my hero.

And then, later on, came my day of disillusion too. It was bitter, and my pride was wounded; but no desire to mock mingled with my awakening; only, I felt a great pity that this man's gifts, which were so noble, should be lost for want of the assistance of that humble servant, common sense.

It was a Sunday afternoon in the summer, and I was walking idly across the fields, eastward of Berrow. A light west wind was stirring. I moved in the midst of flat, rich pasture. Thick, straight hedges on all sides hemmed me closely in. Clusters of daisies in the distance looked like a thin summer cloud caught in the grass; a yellow mist of buttercups lay on the margin of the ditches. The cool breeze carried the sleepy murmur of the sea over the soft, waving plain, and mingled with the humming of bees and song of the thrush.

It was while I was lost in my dreams that I was startled by the tall figure of Bill Johnstone walking across the plank-bridge which spanned the "Rheen" at my side. In a moment he recognised me and came up and spoke. His words were hurried; he was feverish with great and important design; it was evident that he merely stopped in his haste to secure my sympathy with his enterprise. Immediately, he drew a bundle of letters from his pocket, chose one, and thrust it into my hands. It was open, and addressed to—

Our Gracious Queen, Miss Victoria.

Its contents were as follows—

Miss,—The Berrow folk is wishful that you should live here. Please for to come and build a castle. Us will give a bit of the common for it.—With obedient respects,  
BILL JOHNSTONE.

I gazed at this, hardly understanding its meaning. Up to this time I had always thought that the invitation to the Queen which I had heard of was only one among many malignant and clumsy inventions. A sense of cruel doubt and disappointment came over me.

Poor Bill heeded nothing of this; he eagerly offered me another letter, which I took with a sad foreboding. It was addressed to the "Most Prime Minister," and was wild and wandering. I cannot remember more than a few words. I know it was concerned with his favourite project of a Steart fortress, and began with the question, "Shall the French 'pound' us under their feet as an oxen 'poundeth' straw?"

Then I was hurried on to another to "By Grace Archbishop," in which he urged the erection "to-once" of a cathedral, "parson agreeing thereto"—the only difficulty in the way of the scheme being thus removed.

By this time I had drunk the cup of sorrow to the dregs; my hero was no longer a hero, but a poor, deluded madman, and, touched to the heart, I wept outright.

What Bill thought of this, I do not know; but he began to comfort me in his full, strong voice. He begged me not to "take on." Tenderly he took my hand and told me in his quaint way of his own story and his own difficulties. How he had a mission to open men's eyes and heal their backslidings; how, year after year he strove, regardless of discouragement and derision, and how hard it was at times to fight against the thought that none of his plans for their good would ever be realised. But self and self-advancement had to be kept in the background, and the man, if he were great enough, could overcome all things. For himself, he had one object only—to come to the aid of others, and to get for Berrow all this wonderful fame; and then he would steal away from the happy and prosperous city unnoticed, and only at times remembered, and think out something for other places too, till the limit of his days on earth were reached.

"Don't 'ee cry, missy, for the Queen herself will be the happier to see your pretty face smiling."

So he spoke, and swiftly left me, to accomplish his unending task,



PLAYERS AT HOME.

*From Photographs by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.*



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE AND HER ELDER DAUGHTER AT HOME: 77, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



MISS EDNA MAY AT HOME: PARK VILLAGE WEST, REGENT'S PARK, N.W.



MISS EVA MOORE (MRS. H. V. ESMOND) AT HOME: 21, WHITEHEAD'S GROVE, CADOGAN SQUARE, S.W.

## MORE ABOUT CROMWELL.\*

Sir Richard Tangye produced his extremely interesting book on Cromwell just in time for the Tercentenary. No student of the seventeenth century can afford to miss it. It will do much to familiarise the public with the figure of "the greatest because the most typical Englishman," as Dr. Gardiner, the highest living authority, has called the Protector. In its pages, Oliver's counterfeit presentment, his handwriting, the very set of his armour and the sweep of his plumed hat, are all brought vividly home to us by the photographer's art. Even the most unlearned reader can reconstruct from this simple, direct narrative, and from the illustrations given, the man Oliver Cromwell and the stormy times he lived in. From the child of five years old, with long, curly hair and Puritan cap and collar, a reproduction from the original painting at Hinchinbrook, down to the last shaky signature of "Oliver P.," written only a few weeks before his death, and to the mask taken from his features after death, we can follow him almost from the cradle to the grave. Speaking of the mask, Sir Richard Tangye reminds us that, during the illness of his favourite daughter, Betty Claypole, who died just a month before him, Cromwell refused to be shaved, and the mask consequently shows a beard of several weeks' growth.

It must not be supposed, however, that his book is only a story written around illustrations which, of course, are all from the author's own famous collection of Cromwelliana. Far from it. But the fact that these illustrations indicate upon what valuable material the book itself is based affords a strong claim to our most serious attention. To take only a few examples. In Chapter III. is a new and interesting contemporary account of affairs as they were happening in London in January 1641-2. The writer is a young law-student, nameless so far, but no doubt easy of identification. He was eating his dinners, and living in and out of his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, spending his Saturday-to-Mondays at the country house of his father, a Judge and Member of Parliament, at Theydon Bois. His studious intentions, like those of many another young man of parts and breeding, were not infrequently interrupted by convivialities at his own or some other man's rooms, with the necessary sequence of headaches and drastic physic next morning, all minutely detailed in the diary. Here, however, we have only a few extracts from the small, closely written manuscript volume, drawing a vivid picture of the excitement of the times. Writing on Jan. 1, 1640-1, three days before the arrest of the Five Members by the King, he says—

I hope all things will succeed as they desire and believe who never see any danger till they feele it, yet are at this present soe sensible of danger that no night almost scapes without some alarme, and men's feares will not afford them quiet enough to rest in their beds.

Six months later he writes—

My Lord of Essex is daily expected to goe we know not whither. . . . The countyes are generally for the parliament, soe long as they are hastened and encouraged by the presence of their parliament men, but as soon as they are gone their heartes faile them. The word now is "Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of olde England."

From his valuable volume of Fairfax Letters and Correspondence during the Siege of Pontefract, the author prints, for the first time,

several documents of much interest. Among them are two tender-hearted letters from Oliver recommending two poor women to the consideration of the Colonel commanding the besieging forces. The one, a Mrs. Gray, desires to visit her brother, who is sick in the castle; the other, who is in great straits of poverty, begs for relief from an order forcing her to maintain soldiers. Then there is a humorous letter from Sir John Digby, a Royalist officer in the beleaguered Castle of Pontefract. Although at the point of death, for another communication begs that his brother and sister may have a pass to come in and witness his will, he can make a joke about eggs he has asked for, which he hopes "will prove to be three a penny at least." "Sir," he



CROMWELL'S DEATH-MASK.

From Sir Richard Tangye's Collection.

writes to Colonel Fairfax, "you sent us shells before you sent me eggs—my hearty thanks to you for them; and the rather your shells

having not done us so much harm as one of your eggs will do me good, blessed be God."

We also have facsimile reproductions of four complete pages from the manuscript journal of the Protectorate House of Lords, of which the only known record is owned by Sir Richard Tangye. Curiously enough, the list of names of those present on a certain day, Wednesday, Jan. 27, 1657(8), is ticked off to show which of the individuals were present.

The museum of which these form only a few of the treasures is situated at Sir Richard Tangye's Cornish home, near Newquay. It contains portraits, manuscripts, coins, miniatures, ivories, books, busts, and statuettes, beside a host of other relics, all relating to the Cromwell family. Pages from a manuscript music-book, which belonged to Anne Cromwell, are given in the appendix to "The Two Protectors." A beautiful object which is not noticed in Sir Richard Tangye's book is the ivory tankard, upon which is carved a copy of Benjamin West's famous picture of Oliver dismissing the Long Parliament.



GEORGE III. EXAMINING THE MEDALLION OF CROMWELL.

From the Caricature by Gilray, 1793.

After Oliver—a long way after—comes his son Richard. In the concluding portion of the volume will be found many new and interesting details of the long exile of this hapless individual and of his obscure end at Cheshunt, in the house of his old friend, Rachel Pengelley. Renouncing the abhorred—but now revered—name of Cromwell, he was known only as "Mr. Clarke." Although he personally had no claim on the State, it was hard that he should be hunted from place to place and threatened with a debtors' prison largely through debts incurred for his father's funeral.

C. FELL SMITH.

## THE PRINCESS.

There were Roses three in a garden grew—  
Yellow, and white, and red:

Fair and fragrant the first to view

At flush of noon, or when morning-dew

A diamond mantle spread;

But the third pale flowerling drooped and pined,

The scorn of bees, and the toy of wind.

The Princess gazed on the passing bloom:

"There was Hope's ray pierced through the realm of Gloom—

But 'tis Death that has whispered: 'Doom!'"

There were three stars shone in the Western sky

Watchful o'er wold and glen:

When grey-winged bats whirled softly by,

And primrose opened a stealthy eye,

And what 's-o'-clocks called "Ten!"

But one star paled as the Night stole down.

Till when moonrise glimmered the spark had flown.

And the Princess saw where the star had been:

"'Twas the soul of one that my heart had seen,

But the darkness has rolled between."

There were three knights passed down the oft-trod track,

Bound on a knightly quest:

Three true hearts—and but two came back,

Three stout steeds—and a stall must lack,

And a sword be couched at rest.

But one knight lost, and a kingdom gained!

And one dead soul for a shield unstained!

But the Princess wept in her castle old:

"There's a crown to wear and a throne to hold—

But the tale of my life is told!"

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

\* "The Two Protectors: Oliver and Richard Cromwell." By Sir Richard Tangye. London: S. W. Partridge and Co.



## "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME," AT THE STRAND.

"Did Smith leave home?" said a man to me afterwards. "He was still at home when I left the Strand Theatre to catch my train." It is one of the humours of Mr. Broadhurst's "gleeful plenitude" that Smith does not leave home till just a minute before the fall of the curtain, when he departs with his pretty wife to find a hotel where they may enjoy an uninterrupted honeymoon. For the beginning of their *lune de miel* was ruined by relatives. There were his sister, Miss Smith, an elderly, amorous, conceited frump; her Aunt Mary, as bad as half-a-dozen ordinary stage mothers-in-law; her brother Bob, with runaway bride; and Aunt Mary's husband. Fancy having such a house-party at the time when you are trying to find out the real character of your new life-partner! It is by no means certain that these invaders were not blessings in disguise, since the experience of mankind has shown that, despite the pretty fancies of poets and novelists, the honeymoon is a very dangerous period, during which many marriages get wrecked because convention demands that both spouses shall be on best behaviour, that each shall try to make sacrifices for the other; whence the couple do things undesired by either; and, consequently, the bride and bridegroom get an indigestion of one another, and ever afterwards have a feeling that you can have too much of a good thing. Smith was willing to risk the consequences of *solitude à deux*, so he had to get rid of his visitors. The "cook-lady" was a staunch ally, and, by her superbly bad cooking, choked off Aunt Mary, after Aunt Mary had been demoralised by finding that she could not convince her niece that Smith was a faithless scoundrel who kissed the parlour-maid on purpose. Miss Smith was got rid of by marriage, since a cruel slight induced her to accept an elderly admirer. The slight came from Count Guggenheim, a charming German, who, making a mistake of identity, proposed for the hand of Miss Smith when he wanted the heart of her younger sister. The Count was a fascinating fellow, with a curious fluency of broken-English, a kind of German-Baboo-pidgin English, delivered in the drollest way by Mr. Barnum, who delighted the audience and made a real "hit." Indeed, save the "polite lunatic" of "The Belle of New York," we have had nothing so funny in its way for a long time as the eager, passionate, pleasant-looking young German who pours out floods of happily ill-chosen words that cause shrieks of laughter.

The play is hardly a masterpiece, except, perhaps, in the "gleeful plenitude" line, where, of course, it is unique; but, in the "cook-lady," the domestic tyrant before whom the housewives of America quail, we had some novel and agreeable humours; from the bouquets and greeting, I judge that Miss Yeamans, who played the part, is a "star" in her own country; certainly she is an amusing, vigorous broad-comedian. Mr. Maelyn Arbuckle, the Smith, is a capital heavy light-comedian—the phrase is true, even if contradictory in words—with a tendency to exaggeration. Miss Marion Geroux plays agreeably as the wife. On the whole, I think Smith will not leave the Strand this season.

Mr. Arbuckle is of Scotch parentage, though he was born in San Antonio, in Texas. He was educated first in Glasgow and then at the English Classical School in Boston, preparatory to his going to Harvard for the Church. However, the temptation of being a Little Minister did not fire his soul, and, instead of going to Harvard, he went ranching to Texas, for he loves horses, dogs, and all animals, and is writ a capital cowboy. Yet, much as he liked the life, he says it is not always as glorious as it sounds. A little later he took charge of his

father's thoroughbred-stock farm, after which it was thought expedient that he should try to settle down, so he was placed in a bank at Texarkana. There he found clerical work and confinement most irksome; so he studied law, and, after working for nineteen months, passed, but, being then only in his twentieth year, his disability as a minor had to be removed by his father. This was in March 1887, and the following year he ran for the J.P.-ship (an important post there), at the same time



MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON IN "L'AMOUR MOUILLÉ."

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

as Cleveland first ran for the Presidency, and, being friends, they had many a joke over their different campaigns and the odd experiences of electioneering—one day riding a mule through almost a jungle to speechify to electors, and the next taking the trimmest of horses in the opposite direction for the same purpose. Mr. Arbuckle was not elected, and, finding himself in somewhat low financial water, he frequently slept on his office-table, where he dreamt a dream and saw himself an actor—shall we say a Hamlet? Then he went on the stage, and for two years was a truly tragic tragedian—for he has a rich, full voice—playing Shakspeare, from leads to Touchstones, &c.;

but when the company went to New York a kindly critic innocently asked, "Where did they come from?"; slated the company generally, but singled out Mr. Arbuckle as an actor of talent in the words, "Evidently a very young man, playing a Roman part with a round, jolly face, like an East-Side butcher; a comedian of great talent, but, we think, not a Roman nor a tragedian." So this was the verdict the little company had sat up all night to wait for; but it was one which Mr. Arbuckle, after calling for a drink, pondered over and acted upon on the first opportunity, and for evermore foreswore the toga. Then he joined Mr. Charles Frohman's company for "Men and Women," then played the General in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," then had a stock season, and afterwards joined the present Broadhurst company. He says one of his pleasantest and most interesting engagements was one of five weeks to play Sir Anthony Absolute with Mrs. John Drew, and Touchstone in the open-air performance of "As You Like It," at Longbranch. Mr. Arbuckle has been on the stage about twelve years, though he says he is sure he looks more than just over thirty, for his weight is his fortune, aided by his expressive and intelligent face and fine voice.

### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Twenty-five (from Jan. 25 to April 19, 1899) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, London.



This is the scene, in "Why Smith Left Home," in which General Billeldoux pretends to be ill, in order to get his wife (on the left) and Mrs. Smith out of the house, so that he can attend the ball being given in Smith's house by the maids.

## THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKET TEAM

The advent of an Australian team is the coping-stone to interest in English cricket, just as the sending of the English team by Spiers and Pond to Australia in 1861-2 formed a red-letter year in the history of the game. After a favourable voyage, and various dispersals towards the end of the route, the Australians are all assembled in London again. The manager of the team is Major Wardill; the captain is Darling. It is extremely satisfactory that the selection of the team has, generally speaking, met with the full approval of Australia. Particular dissents on one point, to be presently adverted to, have not been wanting; but, presuming an absence of dissension as to the selection of the English Eleven, it can be taken for granted that the results of the coming Test Matches will be thoroughly representative of the respective merits of Cricket in the two countries.

As to the batting abilities of the team, adverse criticism is absolutely silent. Hill, Kelly, Laver, Noble, Iredale, Worrall, and Darling are the first seven names, in the order given, upon the list of batting averages for the past Australian season. Hill, who stands first, has an average of over 63; Darling, who stands seventh, has an average of 41½. Gregory, with an average of 26 and a fraction, will probably do better here than he did at home. It is to the bowling talent of the team that exception has been taken. Some critics advocated the inclusion of Giffen or McKibbin, upon the ground of similarity of the style of the bowlers who have been selected. This may or may not be sound criticism: *solvitur ambulando*. It is, at any rate, comforting to know that Darling and Major Wardill

are both satisfied with the bowling ability of the team. The fielding and wicket-keeping departments leave nothing to be desired. As a whole, the team is undoubtedly an adequate reflexion of all that is best in Australian cricket, and will no doubt give a good account of itself.

The whole of last week was given up to practice, and the programme opened on Monday with the match against the South of England. Five Test Matches will be played; the first at Nottingham on June 1, the second at Lord's on June 15, the third at Leeds on June 29, the fourth at Manchester on July 17, and the last at the Oval on August 14. It may be of interest to recall that England and Australia have met upon fifty-one occasions, England winning twenty-six times, and Australia nineteen times, with six drawn games. In each of the coming five Test Matches three days only are allowed, and we may therefore, as usual, look for perhaps two drawn games. In view of the recent agitation about the completion of first-class matches, it seems a pity that no arrangement could have been made to ensure the completion of each of the Test Matches. No doubt, however, Major Wardill has considered the matter, and found it impracticable.

With regard to ordinary matches, the Australians will meet all the leading elevens, and one or two also of the second-class counties. Matches, moreover, will be played against both Oxford and Cambridge Universities, the M.C.C. and Ground, Mr. Thornton's Eleven of England, and Oxford University Past and Present. The last match is on

Sept. 4, at Hastings, against the South of England, which will of course be almost, if not quite, the wind-up of the Cricket season.

Bennett, Mudie, Caffyn, H. Stephenson, Griffith, Hearne, Addison, E. Stephenson.



Lawrence, Mortlock, Sewell.

THE FIRST ALL-ENGLAND ELEVEN, 1861-62.  
Photographed previous to their departure for Australia

Trumper, Trumble, Johns, Howell, Major Wardill (manager), Noble, Laver, McLeod.



Kelly, Hill, Worrall, Gregory, Darling (captain), Iredale, Jones

THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUNN AND STUART, RICHMOND.



## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

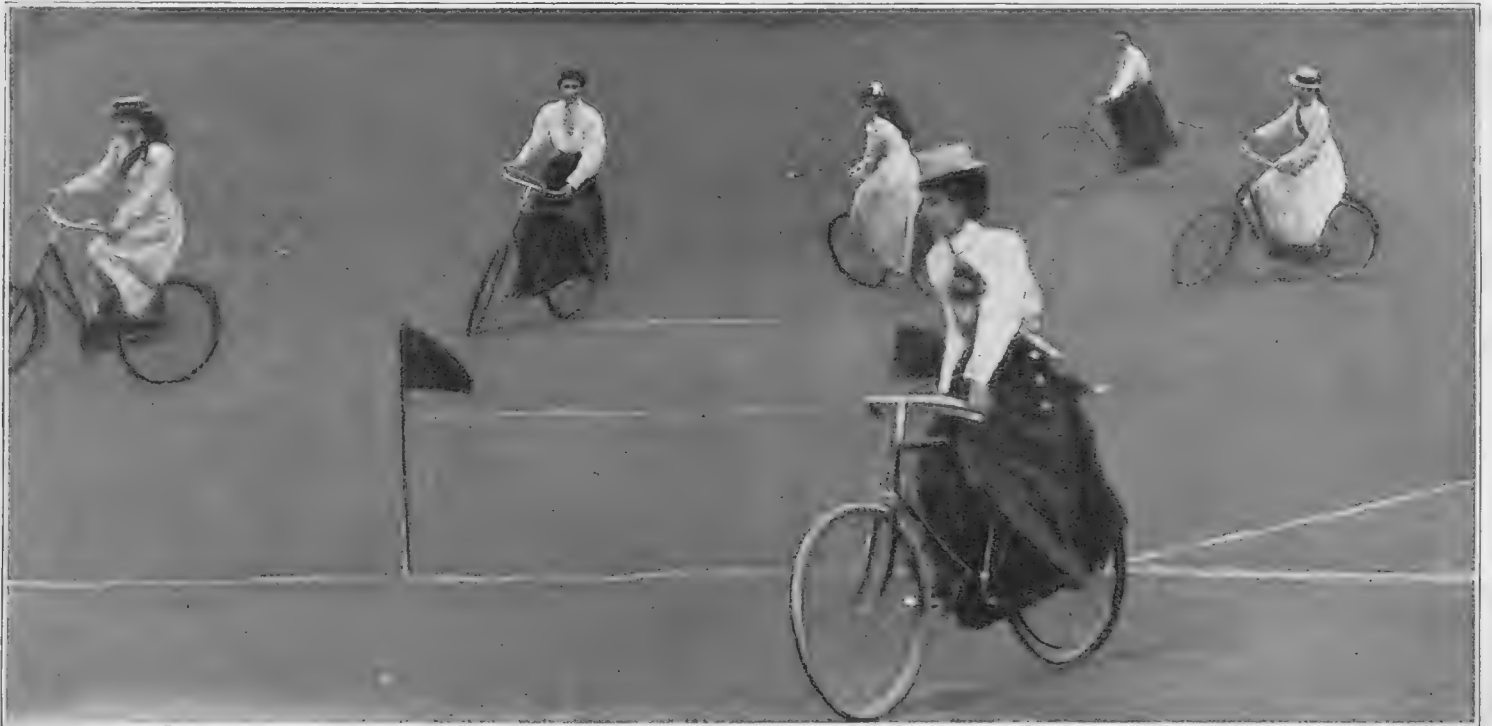
When to light up: Wednesday, May 10, 8.34; Thursday, 8.36; Friday, 8.37; Saturday, 8.39; Sunday, 8.40; Monday, 8.42; Tuesday, 8.43.

Readers of this page will by now have noticed a little fondness on my part of drawing comparisons between English and American cyclists. Last week I was looking at some American wheels, and there were two points that struck me. First, the saddles. To the English rider the Transatlantic saddle is as uncomfortable as a badly sawn piece of wood. It is usually rimmed with steel, and, though there is leather on the top, it is invariably as hard as a cricket-ball. Then scarcely anybody in America will have springs. The saddle must be fixed and solid. To us these saddles are fearful. We shudder at them; but, in turn, the Americans laugh at our springs, and spongy, yielding leather, and, above all, at our pneumatic saddles. The interesting question that forces itself forward is, of course, "Can it be that there is a difference in the anatomy of Americans and English folk?" Perhaps some of our medical friends who tell us that cycling is making quadrupeds of us all, and the rest, can throw a light on this subject.

Then the second point is our fancy for black enamel and the fancy of the American for the hues of the rainbow. Although I favour the leather spring saddle, and am one of those who think Americans don't know what comfort is, I do favour the Yankee plan of bicycles coloured. Now and then there is a little outburst in coloured bicycles in this country. But it dies. As a nation, we prefer black. And we really

cyclist would encounter. The cycle is always an object of great amusement to savage people, and, as long as they are amused, there is not much prospect of physical harm. It would be an immensely interesting ride, and the wheelman who accomplished it would reap plenty of kudos. But there is no necessity for the man to be exceptionally brave or heroic or daring. I know three quite ordinary sort of fellows who rode round the world, and they are the last people on earth to lay claim to having done anything wonderful. All these long rides savour only of the marvellous when you sit in your saddle-bag in London and view them from a distance. They prove, not the dangerous difficulties of cycling in strange lands, but the ease with which you can go anywhere on a bicycle.

Do clubs appreciate the delights of moonlight rides? There is nothing so charming as going a jaunt with a party of friends when the moon is shining with a good grace. Riding at night always produces the sensation you are travelling much faster than you really are—a welcome, exhilarating effect—and with most folks it seems they have greater energy than when wheeling in the daytime. I hear that the Surbiton Cycling Club had, not long ago, one of these moonlight rides. Half the cyclists were ladies. There was a little halt at Cheam, and when Sutton was reached the whole party had supper at one of the Sutton hostels. There was music after supper, and then, towards midnight, there was a pleasant run back to Surbiton. Let me suggest, then, to clubs to arrange a moonlight ride when next the moon is at its full, on May 25, and, if you really want to produce a pretty effect, let each rider carry a Japanese lantern.



BICYCLE-POLO TOURNAMENT, BELFAST AND DUBLIN: MISS WHEELER SCORING FOR DUBLIN.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY D'ARCY, DUBLIN.

don't know how hearse-like our machines are. Certainly, I never did till I came home from America. The first day, I did nothing but walk about and wonder at the funereal look of the home machines. And although that was the better part of a year ago, I have not yet become acclimatised. There is no reason in the world why we should have black bicycles. The other day, I asked a dealer for an explanation, and the only one he offered was that he supposed when the enamel got knocked off it didn't show so much in black. It is quite a pretty sight "across the herring-pond," when the Chicagoans and New Yorkers are out for their evening spin, to see the soft greens, and rose, and whites, and blues, and reds. Besides, if ladies—as is sometimes cruelly alleged—select lovers because their moustaches match their complexion, surely they might have bicycles that go well with their hair. A hint, however, to folks in Society. When you go driving in the Park, you often have your carriage painted a distinctive colour. Do you not think it would be a good thing to have the humble "bike" similarly painted?

There is a good deal of speculation who will be the first cyclist to do the journey from the Cape to Cairo. The difficulties of the way are, however, vastly overrated. Of course, the ride would not be exactly as easy as on the Ripley Road. But the trouble would be insignificant compared with, say, going through Central China. Quite a passable road may be found from Capetown to Bulawayo, and then to Tete on the Zambesi by way of Salisbury. After that, the route would be by rough paths to Uganda, and thence over the desert to Khartoum. As far as I can make out, there would only be some four hundred miles of really bad travelling. There would be nothing to fear from the natives—not even, indeed, I will go so far as to say, from the followers of the Mahdi. An armed expedition would have ten times the number of obstacles a solitary

As this is a year of jubilation, the reincarnating of cycle-enthusiasm, and the arranging of banquets to honour the coming of age of bicycle clubs, a capital idea has been mooted, that the "old boys" have a dinner to themselves. We youngsters, with our high gears and long cranks and general contempt for last year's pattern of machine, should really give the "old boys" this banquet. We smile when we glide past a man on a high, old, rickety ordinary; but the day was—and not so long ago—when these extraordinary ordinaries were regarded as the very acme of what could be accomplished in the way of bicycle manufacture. We youngsters may grow tired of the pastime. You can never tell. But a cyclist who has cycled for twenty-five years is something like a cyclist. What a delightful lot of old-time reminiscences could be told! What parallels could be drawn! What advice, indeed, could the old stagers give us!

J. F. F.

The Cellular case, which has been before the Courts for a considerable time, has at last come to a conclusion. A final judgment, beyond which there is no appeal, has been pronounced, and it is to the effect that the well-known Cellular Clothing Company, of Fore Street, has no exclusive right to the use of the term "Cellular" as descriptive of their particular wares. To all intents and purposes the company invented cellular cloth, as they unquestionably originated cellular clothing. Before 1888 no textile was specifically described as "Cellular." The material invented by the company, and now of world-wide reputation, was quite a new departure in manufactures, and it was only natural that its originators should name it "Cellular," because no more apt and suitable name could be found for it. But the use of descriptive words as trade-marks is forbidden by the Merchandise Marks Act to the extent of refusing them the protection of registration. The word "Aertex" appears on all the company's goods.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Already the Court dressmakers and West-End milliners are engaged in devising tasty costumes for the Ascot reunion, and it can be taken for granted that the gathering on the Royal Heath this year will be a grand one. It may not be generally known that the ladies who stay in the



OTIS (29 INCHES HIGH) AND A HUNTER (61 INCHES HIGH).

neighbourhood of Ascot have a new dress sent down each day for the races, and perhaps another one for dinner each night. It is estimated that quite £50,000 is spent on ladies' dresses alone during the week, to say nothing of hats, bonnets, gloves, parasols, and last, though not least, jewellery. Further, see what the railway companies get out of the meeting. Then, those who own houses in the neighbourhood reap a rich harvest, as £100 for the week is charged for a very ordinary habitation. It can be taken for granted that quite half-a-million of money will be the gross turn-over of the meeting.

Turf statisticians have been busily engaged of late in trying to prove what might have been won over following certain jockeys' mounts with a fixed stake; but this form of speculation is very delusive, and it is on record that a leading jockey has had a record of forty-two consecutive losers. I think, however, it would pay to follow the leading jockeys in all races where they ride horses that start at or over 5 to 1 against. Our leading jockeys—or some of them—have very bad averages where favourites are concerned, but it does not always follow that the horses they rode should have won. At the same time, I do not think the public always get a fair run for their money when favourites are backed, for the simple reason that the flash jockey thinks he has a lot in hand, and, in trying to cut the finish over-fine, he oftener than not gets just beaten on the post. Jockeys are like ordinary backers. They think the favourite must win, but the records show that the favourite seldom does win. Thus backers of favourites lose heavily at times.



MR. T. WINTER-WOOD ("VANGUARD"), EX-MASTER OF THE WHEATLAND FOXHOUNDS, AND HIS WIFE.

Photo by Mr. J. Hamilton Evans, Paignton.

Speculation on the Derby is likely to freeze right up, as Flying Fox is looked upon as being one of the biggest certainties of the century for this race. Birkenhead can hardly have arrived at his best by the day of the race, and I think the Beekhampton colt will be better suited by the Doncaster course than that at Epsom. Holocauste will have to be all that he has been painted to be able to make the least impression on the Kingsclere colt. Perhaps Trident will be second in the race, and Damocles may get third. It is a pity that Sandringham is once more under a cloud, and I am afraid we must now give up any idea of seeing the royal colours carried on this occasion. The Oaks reads in the light of a good thing for Sibola, who won the One Thousand very cleverly. She is a smart filly, and I expect to see her win many good races this year, although she is not within nine pounds of Flying Fox.

I was sorry to see that the Duke of Westminster could get no nearer than second for the Chester Cup, as his Grace had set his mind on winning the trophy this year, and it was hard lines to be beaten by a thoroughly exposed horse like Uncle Mac, better known as Northallerton. The winner, who has evidently been re-named after a well-known sporting journalist, is one of the most unreliable horses in training.

CAPTAIN COE.

## HOCKEY.

A Hockey Club recently formed at Crook, Durham, has completed a very successful season, having vanquished nearly all the best teams in the county, the only team which has been able to defeat it being the



THE CROOK HOCKEY CLUB.

Photo by Fairclough, Crook.

well-known Auckland Castle Club, who have for many years held the premier position in the county. The club has been fortunate in having had two of its members chosen for the Durham County team, besides several for the reserves, and may well congratulate itself on so brilliant a performance in this its first season.

## THE SMALLEST SHETLANDER.

Otis is a Shetlander, three years old, and scarcely twenty-nine inches high, while the hunter standing beside him is five foot one. Bred for Lord Hopetoun's sisters, Otis was bought as a yearling at Tattersall's. He is the property of Mr. Egan, Wildwood, Clay Hill, Enfield. Barnum's wanted to buy Otis, because of his tiny size, but Mr. Egan would not part with the pony, who follows Miss Egan about like a dog. He does no work, but this summer he is to be yoked to a mowing-machine.

## AN OCTOGENARIAN M.F.H.

Mr. T. Winter-Wood ("Vanguard"), ex-Master of the Wheatland Foxhounds, a typical Devonian octogenarian, and Mrs. Winter-Wood, formerly of Hareston House, South Devon, and now of Paignton, Torquay, celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of their wedding-day last February, and they may be seen in weather bright and weather dull daily driving as depicted. It is interesting to note that an uncle of Mrs. Winter-Wood, Mr. H. W. Sole (Major 5th West York Militia), a few years since, with Mrs. Sole, celebrated their golden wedding in Torquay, where they resided. The cob, Bobby, in the cart, like his master and mistress, has also passed his *première jeunesse*. He is twenty-one years old, and has been in his present employ upwards of fifteen years without once being *hors de combat*. He is good-tempered and gentle, and evidently realises the responsibility of his charge. Mr. and Mrs. Winter-Wood are the heads of a well-known chess family, being themselves good players, and the parents of the "Queen of Chess"—Mrs. W. J. Baird.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

A startling rumour comes from France that the dressmakers there are already beginning to contemplate a change of front—or rather, to put it literally, a change of back—and that before very long we may hail the return of full skirts; but this is only a very advanced rumour, and, beyond



[Copyright.]

A DAINTY MUSLIN.

doubt, the present fashion will, like measles or whooping-cough, have to run its allotted course before that crisis arrives which will peremptorily cause us to turn the corner of our present modes. Meanwhile, the advanced models sent out by the Rue de la Paix for summer consumption are all that is or can be of the most charming, dainty, diaphanous, and indefinitely extravagant. And, in viewing them, it is borne in on one that it will take more than an ordinary allowance of pin-money to cope with what is required of us fashionable women in the forthcoming months.

Up to the present, of course, the weather has been so consistently impossible that the warmest wrappings were scarcely sufficient to defy its trebly outrageous slings and arrows, and any optimistic damsel who may have neglected the classic advice of her forbears, in the matter of "casting clouts," is probably paying the piper with influenza or some other unromantic malady of the same sort at the moment.

"Going out in one's figure," as the Hibernian maid-servant put it, has been so far impossible, although our present slim fashion requires the said figure to be fully and freely shown, while laced-in waists are an absolute necessity, for instance, with those tightly outlined frocks which at present are the only wear of the well-dressed Eternal Feminine. Slightly padded hips also, to accentuate the outline, and a perfectly smooth back are *de rigueur*. All this in connection with the demi-train gives, naturally, rather an illusory idea of one's actual inches, and slight women under the

treatment of these perfectly plain, slightly trailed skirts are made to look considerably taller than Mother Nature originally intended them to be.

Pale beige or putty-colour, as the realistic maker of words likes to call it, is the most fashionable tone in Paris at the moment. Very pale corn-colour is also coming into vogue, of that shade which is neither yellow nor cream, but a happy combination of both. Some deliciously delicate apple-greens are much used by the Seine-side modistes, too; so also are very faint editions of turquoise-blue and lavender. All these pale colours, while extremely in vogue for cloth and cashmere, will also appear in taffetas under the white muslin and cambric gowns which will be so largely worn by young girls this season. Never, indeed, has dainty stitchery been so delicate as most of that employed on those apparently simple-looking summer-frocks; but when paterfamilias comes to pay his summer-quarter bills, he will probably have it broken to him then that simplicity is sometimes synonymous with expense, for there is no doubt that the endless tuckings and stitchery and frequent embroideries on this season's muslin gowns will render them as absolutely things of costliness as they undeniably are of ravishment.

The vivid blues and greens of last year, those tones which literally flew at one's eyes when one ventured forth, are no more. Instead, everything now is in half-shades, charming, impalpable, vague, except in the matter of pounds sterling, where their equivalent is very definite indeed. With all this expenditure of soft frillings, which cost so much hard cash, on our lovely persons, we might be inclined to say that there is little left over of time or money with which to embellish the houses which form our environment; but, as a matter of fact,



[Copyright.]

FOR THE PARK.

interiors were never so elaborate, harmonious, or gracefully considered as they are at the present time. Our dresses may come first, but the background in our affections against which we exhibit them runs a very close second, and beautiful surroundings in the bedroom, boudoir, and



drawing-room were never so carefully considered, or so lavishly provided, as they are now.

One realises, in a smart woman's drawing-room to-day, that she is indeed the heiress of all ages, in looking round us at the jumble of artistic surroundings which she has gathered about her from every shore. Here is a Jacobean chair, there an Andrea del Sarto Madonna, under it a Nuremberg casket of exquisite workmanship, with, perhaps, a Louis Quatorze clock of enamel and ormolu in one corner, and, in another, an old Cordovan screen that makes background for a satyr in bronze modelled by a master-hand—and so on throughout the whole gamut of treasure-trove collected from many a distant corner of this little planet.

While on the subject of the "House Beautiful," I am particularly reminded of a panelled oak parlour which has just been done by Hewetson for a friend, with the most delightful results. Everything is in perfect taste and of the period it represents, even to the brass lantern, hanging from a rafted ceiling, which lights up the buffet and coffers



[Copyright.]

A SMART RACE-GOWN.

and fine old mantelpiece which go to the summing-up of this most delightful room. Were I going to furnish, I would most unreservedly put my dining-room into Hewetson's able hands. They are specialists in oak, and, having devoted themselves for so many years to the collection of ancient handicraft of all sorts, are connoisseurs of the first taste and judgment in all that relates to the Jacobean and Queen Anne periods, when carved oak was used in nearly every British household, and mahogany still a thing unknown. Nothing absolutely can approach oak and tapestry for decorative effect. Chippendale is graceful, but sometimes insufficient in effect. French furniture of the three Louis' periods is gorgeous, but hard and uncomfortable, while oak is ever an enduring delight to the eye and senses.

Silver, delft, copper ware are all immensely enhanced by a background of oak panelling or dresser, and it is no exaggeration to say that at Hewetson's one finds the most complete representation of good furniture, both modern and antique, that can be met with. One of their recent successes is an original design for an oak hall-mantelpiece which should render even the ugly London passage a thing of beauty. Quaint little

cupboards, for pipes, brushes, and other impedimenta, are arranged on top, and the appealing legend, "East, West, Home is Best," wrought in Old English letters, appears placed above the fireplace. The price of this charming arrangement is only fifteen guineas, which is little to give, when one considers that it is capable of changing and beautifying the aspect of the most unharmonious and unpromising hall. Special designs for cosy fitments and ingle-nook, cupboard and chimney-piece, that cannot be found elsewhere, are a feature with Hewetson, and their new wooden bedsteads with electric-light appliances for reading, spell internal comfort and external good taste in every line and curve of their graceful outlines.

A glance through Hewetson's new catalogue is the next best thing to visiting their old-established warehouse. Two sketches which will particularly attract those fortunate people about to furnish are the "Ruthyn" dining-hall and the "Herkomer" room, both examples of what one could piously wish one's own surroundings to be.

No mediæval manner has been ever more successfully tamed and domesticated to our present uses than the strong but delicate ironwork of mediæval Italy. In the matter of fireplaces we are still far behind the ancient picturesque detail; but an exquisite design for a fire-basket, called the "Griffin," appears in the supplement of this month's *Artist*, which would beautify any fireplace, and in that same charmingly illustrated journal are some unique designs for wall-paper which should convert the most unromantic surroundings into places of restful beauty—the "Owl" design and frieze, for instance, capital for the smoking-room, and the frieze "Tigris," are examples which express the highest forms of decorative domestic art. Instead of seeking inspiration in the matter of house-furnishing from the misapplied eloquence and advice of ladies' papers, it would indeed be well for the young couple intent on building a homelike and yet beautiful nest to arm themselves with the more orthodox and cultured art expressed in such a magazine as the *Artist*.

I said something in my last week's pages about the revival of the perfume cult among well-equipped women, and with it might have also mentioned another very old-fashioned custom, which has never quite died the death among the sweet-tooth brigade—that is, the eating of lollipops, which is now so widely indulged in at afternoon-tea. For that function every hostess now possesses her special bonbonnière filled with chocolate, dragées, or other appetite-killers, as the case may be, of which she prettily and pressingly invites you to partake, after having swallowed your allotted cup of Chinese nectar. If the visitor be a man, he probably declines, unless much in love, or else resolved to postpone his dinner-hour indefinitely; but women, like children, have an enormous capacity for sweets, and there are enough chocolates consumed in Mayfair boudoirs of an afternoon to paralyse with astonishment and dismay any professor of hygiene.

The latest and improved form of chocolate is called "Kohler," after the firm in Lausanne who invented it. It is a combination of milk and chocolate, admirably prepared and of most delicious flavour. Some of special sorts, which are wrapped in silver paper, called "choclait" bonbons, are particularly excellent. I recommend them to sweet-toothed women for their dessert-dishes or afternoon-tea dispensations.

All the world that is not in London seems to be buying itself clothes in Paris at the present juncture, being homeward bound from Cairo, the Riviera, and other foreign Edens generally. Mrs. Bishoffsheim, who has been shopping in the Rue de la Paix this week, has ordered herself a magnificent gown in black China crêpe and spangled satin, by a great man-milliner. It is trimmed with silk fringe, which borders a velvet-embroidered bolero, and outlines the panel in front. Its price is portentous, but I will not alarm the sensitive reader by giving it.

The ordinary feather boa has been replaced by another, which women are also bringing back with them from Paris, and which is formed of feathers of different shades, so arranged as to give a harmonious ensemble. Pink, blue, mauve, and white, for instance, shading off and blending one with the other, produce a whole effect very smart and becoming to the face. There are others of iridescent feathers, which have the appearance of mother-of-pearl. Those, again, for evening wear, that are most charming in pink shaded to dahlia-red, pale blue to lavender, are often made in tulle.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

UNION.—So sorry you have had to wait. Your chiffon over silk will be quite smart, but the lace you send will spoil it if used; only the best sorts are admissible now. A mauve chiffon skirt under the pink, with mauve panne waist-belt, would be charming. Ruchings should be made of the same chiffon to get the right effect. I will ask our artist to devise you a smart sketch. He has a genius for design.

SYBIL.

The Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, M. de Staal, who is to preside at the Peace Conference, is expected at The Hague on Sunday. Preparations in the Orange Hall in the Huizen Bosch, in which the preliminary sittings of the Conference are to be held, are proceeding, and arrangements have been made for seating one hundred delegates. Desks will also be provided for the officials and for the secretaries, of whom there will be ten, either Dutch functionaries or persons selected from the Diplomatic service, with ex-Minister-Resident Van Eys as their chief. It is almost certain that the deliberations of the Conference will be held with closed doors, the Press being furnished with official communications regarding the proceedings.



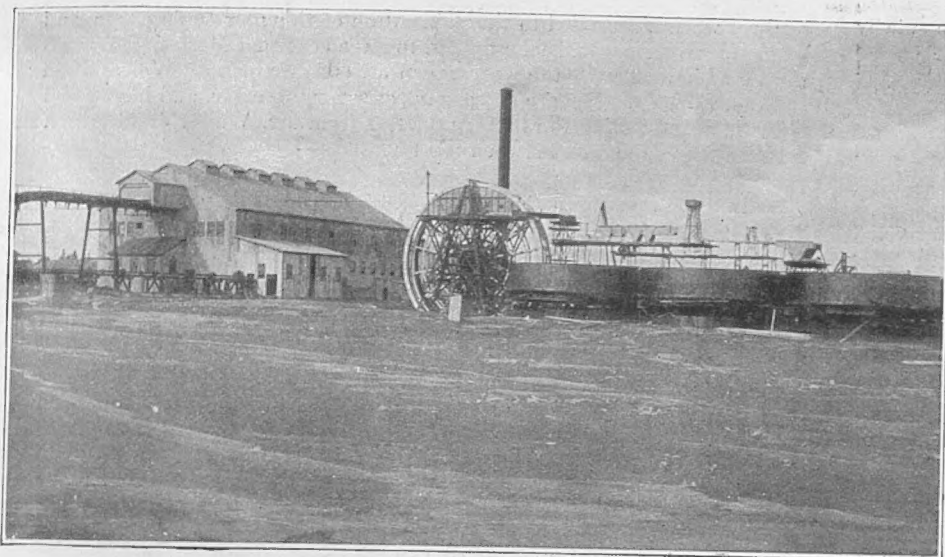
## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 29.*

## MONEY.

The Money Market is a puzzling one, for short loans have been cheap all the week, and discounts are not so dear as the Bank Return would have led one to expect. Gold has gone out not only to Scotland, but to the foreigner, and the Bank appears quite unable to strengthen its position.

On the Stock Exchange, the Anglo-Russian Agreement did not have the effect which might have been anticipated, and the end of the week



FERREIRA DEEP: REDUCTION WORKS.

*Photographed specially for "The Sketch" by Mr. H. Law.*

has seen everything disturbed by wild rumours about ultimatums to President Kruger, and the imminence of serious complications with the Transvaal. The truth is that there is a large weak speculative account open, and men are frightened of their own shadows. In other departments things have not been over-gay, for, despite the rise of about 6 points in Furness Ordinary on reports of impending absorption by the Midland, Home Rails, as a whole, have been lifeless, and the inflated state of the "bull" account in Yankees is becoming more apparent every day. Apart, however, from the speculative position in all parts of the world, the outlook is certainly brighter. Dear money is not probable for some time, there are reasonable prospects of silver reaching higher levels, while in South America the future of Argentina and Brazil is very hopeful, and, if it were not for the wild industrial speculation in the United States, we should say that the state of trade was very satisfactory.

## ARGENTINA AND BRAZIL.

On May-day the Argentine Congress was opened, and two days afterwards President Campos Salles made his first speech at the reassembling of the Brazilian Congress. Both functions exercised a favourable influence upon the market for these countries' loans, and from the list below it will be seen that the highest this year closely approximates in each case to the quotations now ruling. For the sake of more comprehensive comparison, we append the highest and lowest prices touched since January 1897—

	1897.	1898.	1899.
Argentine 5 per cent., 1886 ...	96½	77½	94½ 84
„ 6 per cent. Funding 90½	77½	93½	81 95 90½
„ 4 per cent. Recission 60½	56	64½	52½ 65½ 59½
Buenos Ayres Water ...	73½	61½	79 64 80½ 74½
Brazil 4 per cent., 1889 ...	71½	59½	61½ 41½ 66 55½
„ W. of Minas ...	78	60½	65 42½ 71½ 61½

The principal point of satisfaction in President Roca's message to the Argentine Congress related to the conversion of the paper currency, a step which it would require great caution in making, in order that business might not be suddenly disturbed. The Presidential announcement that such a conversion would be favourable for the country, and that it was the intention of the Government to prepare the way for its gradual adoption, has been regarded with thankfulness in the Foreign Market, which lately has been looking askance at the enormous drop in the gold premium. The very rapidity of the fall would, it was feared, more than counteract for the present the good that it might do; but the premium has just lately been fairly stable, and a gradual fall would now be the best thing that could happen for Argentine bondholders. Prospects of a frontier war seem to have faded away, and, while the existing Government remains in power, there would appear to be every hope of a still further appreciation in Argentine loans.

## OUR JOHANNESBURG LETTER.

While the market here is suffering from spasms at talk of ultimatums, it is interesting to see what the ideas of the Johannesburgers were a month ago upon the subject, and from this point of view our correspondent's letter, which we publish below, is of considerable importance.

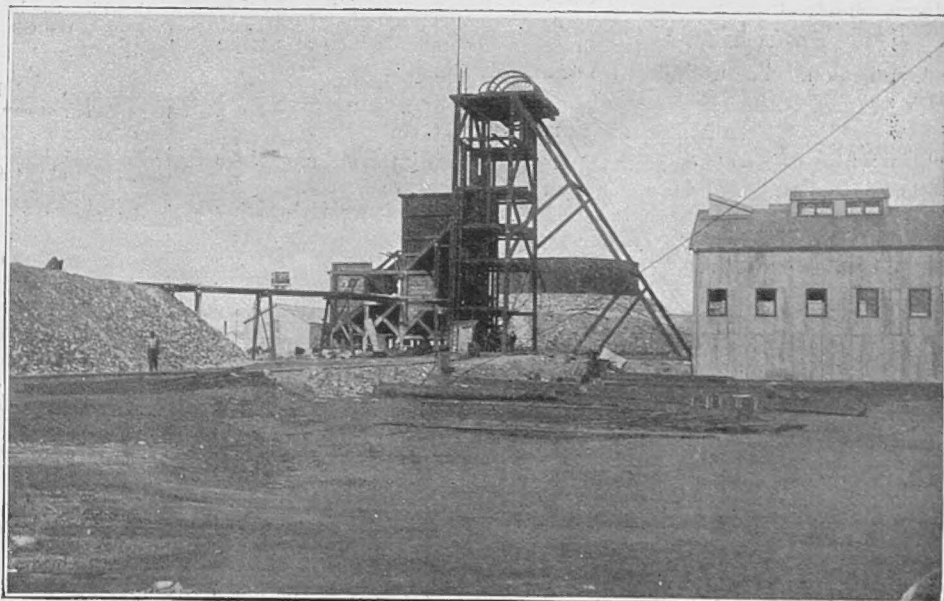
## THE OUTLOOK FOR KAFFIRS.

There is a disinclination in Johannesburg to regard the Kafir "boom" as at an end, but Johannesburg never yet saw sufficient reason for any "boom" coming to a period. A sententious editor, talking to me in 1893, expressed the opinion that there was no earthly reason why the first great "boom" of the 'eighties should not still be in full blast, but for the fact that, somewhere about four years previously, the buying had suddenly stopped. Here in Johannesburg, as in London and elsewhere, the buying of Kaffirs has again stopped. In the heydays of February last it was no uncommon thing for seventy different stocks to be dealt in at the morning call—"High 'Change," we call it—but now we have to be content with a baker's dozen, or from that to about a score. And the dealings are now in hundreds, whereas formerly they were in thousands of shares. Brokers no longer complain of the too rapid growth of their bank accounts or of the pressure of work. As for refreshment—the best test of the times—they are back again to the humble "sixpenny beer."

But it will all come right, say these optimists. First, because the big houses are still in a "bullish" mood, and are only waiting their opportunity; second, because they have so many new schemes still to unfold and captivate the public with; third, because men like Mr. W. Adye, who formerly had no words too bitter for Mr. Kruger and all his ways, now get up at company meetings and perform the neatest somersault imaginable; fourth, because Mr. Kruger is going to give—. But the list of reasons exceeds the limits of time and space in the mind of the Johannesburg broker, who is not to be censured for desiring a return to the "small bottle" in place of the working-man's "sixpenny beer."

Quite clearly, the big houses now stand in a different relation to the market from what they did, say, two years ago, when Uitlander organs like the *Star* railed at the Government day after day, and discovered all sorts of bogus plots for the Dutchification of South Africa; and when, in face of all the warnings to which we were treated in the Press and by the Chairmen of public companies, it required some moral courage to buy Rand Mines at 15 and Modderfonteins at 50s. We have changed all that. The *Star*, with the mildest of editors fetched from the seat of dignified journalism, is no longer a thorn in the flesh to Mr. Kruger, while the *South African Mining Journal*—how the times do change!—goes out of its way to pay compliments to the sturdy old Boer who never reads newspapers, and rebukes Mr. Chamberlain for daring to speak on behalf of the Uitlanders at this particular moment. To crown all, we have an Englishman like Mr. W. Adye telling shareholders that, "with the help of our worthy Government, who are, to my mind, now certainly striving to see how they can really succour us," the Rietkuil is to be made a success!

The facts point to the intention to make a market. How else would Mr. W. Adye be beslaving the Boer Government with his servile flattery? But even big houses do not always get their own way. Undoubtedly, they have all their best goods in the window just now—and all marked in plain figures—but the purchasing will of the public is, to a large extent, beyond their control. After all, it is Mr. Kruger who holds the key to the situation. He is, just now, being held up in a somewhat favourable light, and men like Mr. W. Adye profess to believe that in his old age he is going to perform a greater somersault than themselves, and turn Reformer. But the man in the street does not believe anything of the kind. True, the published details of the negotiations between the capitalists and President Kruger show the latter in a professedly reforming spirit, but the home investor has at last got to understand that promising is Mr. Kruger's strong point. Everything turns upon the franchise, and it is against all we know of the old man to imagine he is going to give way on this point. Of the recent negotiations we know certain details; but everything has not yet been made public, and it would be interesting to know what took place before Feb. 27, the date on which Mr. Lippert, the dynamite concessionaire and go-between, approached Messrs. Rouliot, Brakhan, and



FERREIRA DEEP.

*Photographed specially for "The Sketch" by Mr. H. Law.*



Birkenruth. The "boom" was over then. It is safe to infer that the idea of officially approaching the capitalists with a programme of reform had entered Mr. Kruger's brain before this, but how the idea originated we know not, though possibly Mr. Lippert could enlighten the public. It is possibly also not wrong to conclude that the reform scheme was known of in some quarters early in the year and that it had something to do with the start of the short-lived "boom."

But, however and from whom he got the idea of a master-stroke of policy by which he should get the capitalists and the entire Uitlander community on his side, Mr. Kruger evidently appropriated it eagerly. He sees that he may shortly be invited to a trial of strength with Mr. Chamberlain, first on the question of the status of Indians in the Republic, and now also on the whole question of the treatment of the Uitlanders, raised by the recent petition with over 21,600 signatures. It has been suggested here that the capitalists, in entering on the negotiations, had no other desire but to secure the *bewaarplaatsen* for the mining companies; but this is an unworthy suggestion wholly unsupported by the facts. It will probably yet transpire that Mr. Kruger's motive was to prepare his house against the next move of the Colonial Secretary. That some sort of pressure is going to be brought to bear on Mr. Kruger is generally believed in the Transvaal, and the question may be asked why, in face of this opinion, Kaffir prices are so high. The probable reason is the further belief that Mr. Kruger will agree to a compromise after a little moral pressure has been exerted from Downing Street.

The fact remains that all the reforms we are likely to see in Mr. Kruger's time have already probably been discounted, and, come when they may, they are not likely to be brought about without a certain amount of storm and stress. Prices of many Kaffir shares are now quite high enough, as investors can convince themselves by working out the value per claim. The second row of Deep-Levels afford possibly the best outlet for investors' money, the first row having generally appreciated to a point which leaves practically no chance for further increment—witness Glen Deep at £15,000 per claim. As regards the third row, it is not to be commended to any save the speculator who is prepared to take great risks. Apart from the political outlook, caution should be urged on the home investor at the moment on account of the certain failure of the water-supply at numbers of mines during the coming winter. The wet season is now over, and the rainfall has been under the average. After a succession of disappointing wet seasons, a water famine is more than probable within the next few months, and the water scarcity is even now being felt at some places. Boksburg Lake is only one-fourth full, whereas it is usually quite full at this time of the year. On the East Rand generally the water position is bad.

A couple of photographs are reproduced of the Ferreira Deep, which is expected to start crushing before these lines are in print.

#### KAFFIRS.

Since we dealt with the South African Market in our Notes last week, an entire and extraordinary change has come over the situation. The market was suddenly confronted with nothing short of an ultimatum from Mr. Chamberlain to President Kruger, and the ragged "bull" element rushed to dispose of its shares with a *saute qui peut*, which was joyfully encouraged by the "bears," who had been on the wrong side of the fence for some weeks past. In the Stock Exchange the wildest rumours were circulated freely, and the punting brigade that adorns the middle of Throgmorton Street was several times on the very point of dashing through the sacred doors of the House to see for itself what was the very latest drop in East Rands and Goldfields.

Taking a dispassionate view of the situation, we are convinced that the scare has been very much overdone. As to going to war with the Transvaal, upon which the whole fall really hinges, there does not seem any likelihood of an open rupture, and, so long as the struggle is confined to diplomacy, the mining industry can only gain from any change in its conditions of existence. From various South African sources we are being told that the Boers are anything but anxious for a fight. It is a country governed by old men, and the patriarchs are naturally tenacious of their customs, their laws, their primitive modes of political economy. The younger generation, however, from its freer intercourse with the stranger in the land, is a great deal more enlightened, although it dare not raise its voice against the Fathers. President Kruger is but the incarnation of the old-fashioned Boer, and yet at his frown on England the Kaffir Market quakes and slumps. It is, however, the day for the capitalist, small or great, and now he has a rich field for selection. Knights, for instance, are obtainable at 6, Langlaagte Estate at 3½, City and Suburban at 5½, Randfontein and Anglo-French at a trifle over 3, and so on. The usefulest tip of all in a slump is "Courage!"

#### THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

The Mining Markets have quite taken away public interest from things Miscellaneous; but, since there has been such a severe descent in the prices of Kaffirs and Rhodesians, it would not be surprising if business should spring up once more in Yankee Rails and Home Industrials. The Whiteley issue is sure to revive trade in the latter department; but we are inclined to think the new company would have been more sought after had the Lipton dividend been up to expectation. The market was going for about 14 per cent. on Liptons, and the declaration of 12 per cent. had naturally a depressing effect. At the present price of 2½ the yield for the year (11 per cent.) works out at exactly 4 per cent. on the money.

Oil shares seem to have quite dropped out of favour, but we continue to hear good reports of the Schibaieff Company, whose Ordinary shares stand at about 31s. Among Refreshment shares, there has been a good deal of gambling in Slaters, and the market looks for a higher price. Spiers and Pond still suffer from the effects of their Preference issue. Lyons shares are quiet, and that once lively market has become dormant. The same fate has befallen Cycle shares, and the clique which was working the rise is lying low. In the Electric Lighting division, Charing Cross shares are in demand, upon a statement that the company may get its wires into the City after all; and there is some inquiry for Nernst Lamps, still at a heavy discount. Tin shares are losing the gilt which the recent rise in the metal imparted to them, and Pahang

Corporation have been freely offered. For a lock-up, African Transcontinental Telegraph shares possess great possibilities.

The issue of the Hovis-Bread Flour Company's report is a relief to many holders, and the result attained, in the face of the abnormal price of wheat during several months, cannot be considered other than satisfactory. The Ordinary shares get 7 per cent., and, in anything like an ordinary year, it looks as if they might expect more.

Referring to our "Finance in a First-Class" last week, The Stockbroker says that he was tipping Sulphides Corporation at 8s., and not Sulphides Reduction, which stand at quite a different price.

#### "GROCERY."

Last week we alluded to the publication of this new trade paper, and by (as we now learn) mistake appear to have confused Messrs. Heywood and Co., Limited, with the well-known advertising firm of Walter Judd and Co., Limited. We are extremely sorry for the error, and have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from Mr. Walter Judd, which explains the connection between the two firms—

The City Editor, *The Sketch*.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in this week's *Sketch* a paragraph re "Grocery," in which you state that Heywood and Co., Limited, is another name for Walter Judd and Co. I beg to say that this is incorrect, as, apart from the fact that I am Chairman of that marvellously successful company, my firm has nothing to do with Heywood and Co., Limited, which is most ably managed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, the Managing Director.

Trusting this letter may receive the same publicity as your previous statement, I am, yours faithfully,  
WALTER JUDD.

#### ISSUES.

Measures Brothers (1899), Limited, is a company formed with a share capital of £285,000, divided into 75,000 5½ Pref. shares and 210,000 Ordinary shares, both of £1 each. In addition there is an issue of £75,000 4½ per cent. Mortgage Debentures. The company will acquire the well-known business of Messrs. Measures Brothers, engineers and steel-merchants, and the profits, which are given in detail for three years, average over that period £35,820 per annum. Everything connected with this issue is calculated to inspire confidence: the old partners form the Board, the auditors' certificate is "clean," the value of the tangible assets, together with the working capital provided, is in excess of the amount of the Debentures and Preference shares added together, and, in our opinion, investors may safely take any class of the securities offered with a reasonable certainty of a good return upon their money. The Preference shares appear to offer an exceptionally safe and remunerative opportunity for that large class of persons requiring 5 per cent. on their money with as little risk as possible.

The Assam Oil Company, Limited, with a capital of £310,000 in Ordinary shares of £1 each, is formed to take over from the Assam Railway and Trading Company its oil properties at Digboi and Makum, comprising an area of about eight square miles. It appears that the vendors have expended over £100,000 on the property, and that there is no doubt as to the supply of crude oil. Large refining works are to be put up, and when this is done the markets of India seem at the mercy of the company. The concern is highly respectable, and, we should judge, one of those *bona-fide* enterprises in which to invest one's money is a fair risk such as any trader ought to take when looking for a more than gilt-edged stock return.

Saturday, May 6, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. D. M.—We sent you the name and address you wanted on the 5th inst.

R. H. C.—Your letter has been handed over to the Editor? What on earth has the City Editor to do with polo?

ARGUS.—(1) The insurance company is, as the fluctuations of price show, rather speculative. We think the eventual result of the late legislation will be to improve the company's business. (2) Dunravens, at present prices, might suit for speculation, but would not do for investment of our money. We are still sceptics about Rhodesian mining.

BATT.—The so-called "bank" is a money-lending, bill-of-sale establishment, with which the less you have to do the better. The other people are worse; if you speculate with them, you deserve to lose your money.

J. A. S.—(1) We do not know them. (2) You can get the list, if you are a shareholder, from the company; if not, from Somerset House, at a cost of about sixpence for each hundred words. (3) For outside brokers, they are respectable, but this is not saying much.

PERPLEXED.—The accounts are being made up at this moment, and the balance-sheet to March 31 should be out in a week or so. If you are nervous, you can sell at about £1 6s. a share. There is no prospect of our being able to send you the prospectus you ask for.

LANCASTRIAN.—(1) The company is doing a splendid business; but, like all other things depending on patents, must be speculative. (2) The second company is mixed up with the first one, and to invest in both is practically the same thing as putting all the money into one. You may look on either as a fair speculative risk, but there is talk of competition by the Lanston Company.

ALPHA.—(1) Do not sell at this moment; you may reasonably expect to get 130. (2) Gas Light and Coke A or Imperial Continental Gas Stock might suit you. (3) Pearson's balance-sheet is made up to May 31 and presented in the early part of July.

S. B.—Quite impossible to say to what price Le Roi shares will go, but if they were our own we should hold. From private sources we hear the mine is opening up in a most wonderful way.

F. T.—The City Deep shares are not quoted, and, as far as we know, there are no dealings in them. The company owns 200 claims on a farm which has not yet been proclaimed. No work has been done. We will make further inquiries, but at present advise no purchase. Village Deep is far better; but see our Johannesburg letters of this and previous weeks for general information on the Deep-levels.

We are authorised to state that application will be made this week to the Committee of the Stock Exchange for a special settlement and official quotation of the debentures and shares of *The Illustrated London News and Sketch*, Limited.